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The Week

THE terrible tragedy at Columbus, in which more than three hundred convicts were burned to death, might serve as an epitome of all that is wrong with the American penal system today. The prison was antiquated. It was badly overcrowded, with 4,300 men jammed into a space intended to accommodate only 1,500. The fire hazard was known to be great, and indeed, only two years ago a similar conflagration in a building belonging to the same prison cost the lives of several men. Conditions at Columbus had repeatedly been denounced by official investigators; last year a report of the National Society of Penal Information criticized the prison sharply because of fire risk, overcrowding and the inhuman refusal to permit many of the prisoners to do any sort of useful work. The warden obviously lived in deadly fear of an outbreak among the men, and this explains, though it does not justify, the reluctance to open the cell doors soon enough, a delay which probably was the direct cause of the death of a hundred or more men. The inefficiency which managed to lose the keys to the cells at a crucial moment was also typical of prison administration in this country today. We should like to believe that this dreadful loss of life would result in the reformation which is so badly needed, not only in Columbus but in scores of other prisons throughout the country, as the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago reformed the fire laws. We should like to believe it; but we see no evidence in recent history that any calamity to the prison population, no matter how severe, can touch the public very deeply.

FIFTEEN judges are to be elected this year to the World Court, including one who will take the place of Charles Evans Hughes, who resigned to become Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Nominations will be made by the national groups represented in The Hague Tribunal, each of which is entitled to propose four names. It may be taken for granted that the League Council and Assembly, which will elect the judges next September, will choose at least one American, and there is at present much interest in possible candidates. A number of well known jurists have been mentioned for the post, including George W. Wickersham, John W. Davis, Newton D. Baker, Roscoe Pound, Manley Hudson, James Brown Scott, Joseph P. Chamberlain and others.

IT HAS been argued in favor of men like Mr. Wickersham and Mr. Davis that their political experience and abilities make them particularly eligible for the post; but with all respect to these distinguished gentlemen, this is a view with which The New Republic feels bound to differ. The World Court should be kept most scrupulously free from any suggestion of political entanglement; and the ideal candidate for a place on its bench is a man who combines with wide knowledge of international law and outstanding judicial personality an aloofness from active participation in political life which would guarantee that the impartiality of his decisions could never be called in question. The nomination is a particularly important one for the United States, in view of our official relationship to

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the Court; it should not be made until there has been ample time for public consideration of all the available men.

WHEN the director of the Census announced that the figures on unemployment would not be published until after the general population figures, perhaps not for a year, it was suspected that they were being delayed for political purposes until after the fall election. On that account we welcome Secretary Lamont's statement that red tape will be cut and special measures taken to release partial results as soon as they can be tabulated. At the same time it must be pointed out that Census enumeration of the unemployed can be of little use in any case except for historical purposes. It may furnish a bench mark for the interpretation of future trends, but on account of the labor involved in collecting and interpreting the information, and the necessary limitations of the study made, the census of unemployment cannot in any case supply the need for accurate current information as a basis for action. That can be derived only from a coördinated national system of free employment exchanges.

THE preliminary report of the New York State Committee on Stabilization of Industry for the Prevention of Unemployment, appointed by Governor Roosevelt, lays primary stress on action which can be taken by individual employers to prevent wide fluctuation in their working forces. The achievements in this direction by specific companies, cited by the report, are indeed praiseworthy and should serve as a model for all who can follow them. It would be wrong to infer, however, either that all employers are in a position to exercise control of this kind, or that even if it were exercised, it would do much to mitigate the unemployment which accompanies industrial depressions. It is useful chiefly to minimize seasonal unemployment which may, in default of such action, be expected every year. The recommendation that public works be so far as possible held for slack periods has been made many times before, but it is of little value unless the machinery for advance planning and prompt action is worked out. A very important suggestion is that the state employment-office system be enlarged and made more effective. We hope the Committee, which includes such able persons as Mr. Henry Bruère and Miss Frances Perkins, will in its final report furnish the material for a comprehensive program, one that may serve as a model for other states.

THE New York Times of April 21, in a leading editorial, writes that Judge Parker's hostility to organized labor is no longer to be dwelt upon:

> When Attorney-General Mitchell brought out the fact that no less a person than Judge Brandeis had upheld the challenged labor contract, just as Judge Parker did later, that particular argument had all the stuffing knocked out of it.

This inference drawn by The Times, we regret to say, was clearly the one intended by the Attorney-General in quoting Brandeis' dissenting language in the Hitchman case, that "the agreement itself [was a] lawful one." To offer the sentences of Mr. Justice Brandeis, ripped out of their context, as precedent for the Parker injunction is to betray either a deliberately muddied reading of the Brandeis dissent or a startling ignorance of the legal issues involved in the controversy over yellow-dog contracts. The question in the Hitchman case was not whether an employee's agreement to refrain from joining a union while continuing in the employ is lawful. We cannot assume that, if the legality of such a contract were thoroughly argued before Judge Brandeis, he would vote to sustain it. The question before him was rather: granted that the employer has a legal right to insist that while the employee continues at work he shall not join the union, has the employer also the right to prevent a union from urging the same employee to join it, even if that means leaving the employ? Will the law obstruct employees' efforts to advance themselves through collective bargaining or the strike, because of a contract exacted from them not to join a union while working for the employer? That is the question. And here, in parallel columns, is how Mr. Justice Brandeis and Judge Parker respectively have answered it:

Brandeis, J. (245 U. S. 273)	*Parker, Circ. J. (18F [2d] 839, 849)*
The purpose of interfering was confessedly in order to strengthen the union, in the belief that thereby the condition of workmen engaged in mining would be improved; the bargaining power of the individual workingman was to be strengthened by collective bargaining; and collective bargaining was to be ensured by obtaining the union agreement. It should not, at this day, be doubted that to induce working men to leave or not to enter an employment in order to advance such a purpose is justifiable when the workmen are not bound by contract to remain in such employment.	To make a speech or to circulate an argument under ordinary circumstances dwelling upon the advantages of union membership is one thing. [i. e. legal]. To approach a company's employees, working under a contract not to join the union while remaining in the company's service, and induce them, in violation of their contracts, to join the union and go on a strike for the purpose of forcing the company to recognize the union or of impairing its power of production, is another and very different thing. [i. e. illegal.]

ON THE twenty-first of last November, Governor Young of California referred the cases of Mooney and Billings to his Advisory Pardon Board. The Board was to investigate and recommend action to him. A week's time is certainly all that the Board would need to go through the conclusive proof showing that these men were sent to prison on perjured evidence. Yet more than five

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months have passed and nothing has happened. When the case was referred to the Board it was widely supposed that Governor Young intended to do justice—in so far as justice is now possible—to Mooney and Billings, and was calling in his advisers in order not to bear all alone the criticism from those California Tories who admittedly want the prisoners kept in jail, guilty or not, because they are radicals. But it is increasingly hard to avoid the belief that the Governor, lacking the courage to set Mooney and Billings free, has pigeonholed the case, perhaps until after the election, perhaps permanently, so far as he is concerned. If this is true, the stain on his personal honor and on that of California is too deep ever to be eradicated.

THE pervasive influence of the power interests is again shown in the fact that the House Committee on Military Affairs has voted not to report favorably the Norris resolution for government operation of Muscle Shoals, which has passed the Senate, but to prepare a new bill for leasing the power plant to a privately owned company. The Norris plan passed both houses of the last Congress and failed to become law only by virtue of a pocket veto by President Coolidge. Whether the present decision was the consequence of pressure by the Republican machine in the House, or by President Hoover himself, who seems to be committed against public operation and would not like the embarrassment of having the Norris measure submitted to him, we do not know. At any rate, it will serve to delay operation of this great resource indefinitely, if the House follows the committee's lead, because the Senate with its present make-up will scarcely reverse its decision. The power interests may not be especially eager to get hold of Muscle Shoals on any terms which would be fair to the government, but certainly they are anxious to prevent its public operation, and will go to extreme lengths to do so. They apparently do not fear that public operation would fail, but that it would be successful—entirely too successful for their health.

ONCE more the French birth rate has declined; once more the Paris newspapers are pointing with dismay to the growing populations of Germany and Italy, while demanding that their own government "do something" to encourage larger families. Once more disinterested observers are pointing out that this crusade is misdirected. Even granting that the population of France should be larger—a matter which is open to dispute—it is a grave question whether the government could do anything to increase the birth rate. Low as it now seems by comparison with what it was in 1863, it is higher than the present rates in England and Sweden—countries which do not complain of a diminishing population. But the death rate in France is exceeded by that of no other country in northwestern Europe; and it resulted, last year, in an excess of 12,564 deaths over the number of births. Here, in the field of preventive hygiene, is a more fitting object for governmental activity. The mortality rate of all French children is alarmingly high; it could be reduced by educational measures. The mortality among illegitimate children is even greater; and it is probable that, by the encouragement of a more humane attitude toward them, enough lives could be saved to end the present excess of deaths.

Where London Leaves Us

THE 1930 Treaty of London has not achieved naval reduction. Statements that it has achieved limitation for the United States, Great Britain and Japan, somewhere this side of the possible tonnage totals which might have been built without it, must be taken with one proviso. That proviso is made necessary by the safeguarding clause inserted at the instance of Great Britain. The limits agreed to by the three chief powers may be raised if building by any other power seems to her to threaten her interests. This means, of course, that if France increases her program, the British navy will also go up. And the assigned reason why France would not agree to the limits set is that Italy would not consent to a navy smaller than hers. Italy wants parity with France.

In the absence of the French and Italian subscription to the sections limiting other classes than capital ships, what the treaty really fixes is therefore ratios. And, paradoxically, it fixes these ratios not only among the three powers which came to agreement, but among the whole five. If Italy builds to seek parity with France, France will build to deny it. Britain will then build to keep her relative position, and the United States and Japan will presumably follow suit. We might conceivably, under this arrangement, construct navies of any conceivable magnitude, but always having the same relationship with one another. No nation could approach nearer to command of the seas than the treaty leaves her.

If naval strength is relative—as of course it is—this situation ought of itself to prevent additional building by Italy or France. By it they could gain only a heavier drain on their budgets. It would seem that their failure to assent to limitation leaves them the same naval potency which they would have had if they had assented. Mussolini keeps only a verbal prestige, by not having conceded inferiority on paper. Either Italy or France might use her apparent freedom for its nuisance value, in order to extract some desired concession from another power, but only at great cost to herself. That cost would not be undertaken so lightly in actual appropriations as it is in paper programs to be used for dickering at a conference.

It seems reasonable to suppose, then, that the achievement at London is, speaking practically, the really great achievement of fixing limits to naval

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building by international agreement. Rivalry on the seas, with all its potential sources of jealousy and friction, is virtually abolished. This is a long step toward the organization of peace. But it is only a step.

There remain other steps, and the next two are clearly discernible. One is of immediate material importance to all concerned—the gaining of economy by real reduction. The other is of larger interest for the future of the world—a decision concerning the political organization of peace on which might be based not merely reduction of sea armament, but of land armament as well. It is for the purpose of seeking ways to take these two steps that the conference delegates its unfinished business to future negotiations among Great Britain, France and Italy.

Here the chief obstacle is not the reluctance of Italy to concede French superiority, but the reluctance of France to moderate her existing naval program without further guarantees of security. For a while the position of the American delegation threatened to obscure this issue. It was not clear at first whether the French demand involved merely an agreement to consult in case of threatened trouble—an agreement which would leave all concerned liberty of action, but which would help in the peaceful adjustment of future disputes—or whether she demanded ironclad promises to use naval force against an "aggressor" who might challenge the status quo. The issue could not be made clear unless the United States would offer a purely consultative agreement. Our delegation at first declined to consider this proposal and was justly opposed in this country for its position. Its second thought was better; it announced that it would consider a consultative agreement, provided such an agreement did not involve any guarantee by us of the French conception of security. This announcement was not enough for France. She sought from Great Britain various forms of assurance that the British navy could be depended upon to enforce sanctions. She failed to obtain them, and therefore would not reduce her program. Thus the issue was clarified. We stand pat for the peaceful organization of peace, France for its forcible organization. Great Britain so far sides with us, but will continue to attempt to reach an understanding with France.

The chances are that no settlement of this question will be reached before the League conference on disarmament—military as well as naval—next convenes at Geneva. It has all along been the French position that disarmament at sea could not be separated from disarmament on land. And she has consistently argued that both depend on the settlement of the underlying political problems. As a result of the events at London, she is in a position to proceed along this line. She can follow her traditional course of using her logic as a basis of trading, in order to retain her dominant position on the Continent. She has two major trading points. She can consent to reduce her navy, thus permitting economy to the great naval powers, if her large military and air forces are made permanent by international consent. Or she can offer to reduce both her army and her navy if the other nations will agree to pool their forces with hers in combatting an aggressor. Thus she comes back to her fundamental intention either to maintain the status quo by the force of her own arms, or to have it maintained by international guarantee. By reserving freedom of decision at London, and keeping it for Geneva, she has safeguarded her power to trade navies against armies, and she has placed herself in a favorable situation to urge a stricter definition of the obligations of League members to enforce sanctions. Provided Great Britain remains reluctant on this point, France may be able to make the British appear, as among the League members, the real obstacle to disarmament. She may, that is, provided the other influential members of the League agree with France rather than with Great Britain.

It is idle to contend that the United States, having left Great Britain and France to settle these issues among themselves at London, has no concern about the result. We are deeply concerned, both as to the future possibility of economy in building warships and as to the way in which peace is to be organized. It would be of real advantage to us if we could reduce rather than increase our navy, consequent upon reduction by France and Great Britain. But it would be most unfortunate if that reduction should be bought, either by consent to leave France in armed dominance of Europe, or by a surrender to her conception of the League as an instrument to enforce the status quo. Such an outcome would be in reality a perpetuation of the war system. It would be either, in the first case, reliance upon a single armed power and her allies to sit on the European lid, or, in the second case, the conversion of the League into an alliance against an undefined but possible enemy. The danger of international explosion would be greatly increased by either eventuality. Try as we might to remain aloof from such a system, we must in the end be involved in its consequences.

On this account it is of the utmost importance for the United States to take the lead in building up machinery of international adjustment, on the basis of the Kellogg Pact, in aiding all those instrumentalities of the League which really make for understanding, like the World Court, in strengthening and advocating in every possible way the alternative method of organizing peace which we favor as opposed to the method of France. The French policy is logical, clear cut and definite in its objectives. We cannot win her or anyone else away from it by mere inaction and isolation. We really have another and a better policy which, if thoroughly carried out, would furnish a much stronger guarantee of the security of the French, as well as of every other power, and would provide a much

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surer way of avoiding future war. The present task of American statesmanship is to explore the implications of this policy and to further its adoption. For, as The New Republic has held from the very beginning of the effort to disarm by international agreement, real success cannot be achieved by mechanical or superficial formulas like yardsticks and parity, but only by settlement of the political issues which determine armament policies.

Students on Strike

AT LAST the labor injunction has been applied in an academic dispute. Three professors and their wives have been enjoined by the courts from any conversation about the student strike in progress at Lincoln Memorial University. One of them has been forbidden to enter the campus, and thus has been barred from his own home. Nine boys, regarded as leaders in the strike, have been enjoined from taking any part in it; and one of them, after being arrested, has been forced to post a $1,500 bond. The college campus at Harrogate, Tennessee, has been overrun with deputy sheriffs, drinking, swearing, brandishing their weapons. Everything, in short, has followed the pattern set by the recent cotton-mill strikes; and yet the whole dispute is over college standards and academic tenure of office.

The leading figures belong to types rendered familiar by other disputes in mismanaged colleges. There is the go-getting chancellor—in this case a retired Methodist minister with a talent for raising money and a weakness for arbitrarily hiring and firing. There are the trustees, eager to support him but hoping to avoid trouble. There is—or was—the president, insistent on loyalty and rather careless about claiming nonexistent degrees for the faculty members. There are the bullied professors, liable to dismissal without notice; and finally there are the disregarded students.

The spark that caused an explosion of these elements was supplied by Chancellor John Wesley Hill. One day he made a sudden descent on Harrogate and, for due cause but with unseemly haste, dismissed Dr. Hervin U. Roop, the president of the university. Roop, before leaving, sent a notice of dismissal to four of the most popular professors. It was definite and curt. "Chancellor Hill and I," it said, "take this method of telling you that your contract is canceled for reasons deemed sufficient by us, effective May 31, 1930, or sooner if the exigencies of the situation should so demand." Later it was unofficially announced that the offense of the four professors was "the unpardonable sin" of fraternizing with the students.

Poor students! they had not been offered much of an intellectual nature at Lincoln Memorial University. They had been presented with imposing dormitories and a football team, but not with a faculty they could fully respect, or with the hope of degrees and credits that would be recognized by other universities. They complained of being treated like children. Now that four favorite professors were being dismissed for the crime of fraternization, the students went on strike. They hauled down the American flag on the campus and carried it to the office of the new president. They gathered about "the beloved L.M.U."—the initials of the university embossed in concrete on the campus. They sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" and read chapters from the Bible. They talked a great deal about the college spirit. They were, in short, naïve, idealistic, simple in their demands; and they continued to stand firm while one of their leaders after another was served with an injunction. At the height of the strike, only eleven students attended classes out of a total enrolment of 450.

It is still too early to say what the final outcome will be. Perhaps, if both sides stand firm, Lincoln Memorial University will disappear, as Des Moines University disappeared after a similar dispute. Perhaps, if the students win, Chancellor Hill will resign and the university will be rehabilitated. Meanwhile the whole picturesque affair, with its mixture of college yells and labor injunctions, calls attention once more to the problem of academic freedom. There are scores of other institutions throughout the country where conditions are scarcely less deplorable than at Lincoln. There are colleges where the professors are hired servants, where the students are mere tuition-payers, and where the essentials of the higher education are thought to be a money-raiser, a press agent and a football coach. That the students themselves are realizing the dangers of the situation is a vastly hopeful sign.

Communists and the Courts

UNLIKE the reformers, whose business it is to furnish the principles for which others go to jail, the Communists have principles which they value so highly that they themselves are not only capable of going to jail for them, but sometimes anxious to do so. In the perspective of history this attitude has in it something of the sublime, but in the view of conventional contemporaries it is unpopular. In the reign of Diocletian, when a young Christian refused to place a pinch of incense on the altar of the emperor-god, the Claudian Post of the Veterans of the Wars against the Goths no doubt shouted as with one voice from their reserved section in the arena: "He wants martyrdom! Give him the works!" Today the veterans of the World War are all on the side of that stubborn Christian revolutionist, but they have not the slightest sympathy for the enterprising martyrs of Union Square.

If martyrdom is really what the Communists are after, the situation of Communism in the United States is promising. Whenever a member of the party speaks or acts in such a way as to suggest

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his willingness to go to jail for his beliefs, policemen and judges are alert to accommodate him. In fact, vindictiveness toward the spirit of martyrdom must be a part of the explanation of the practice of judges in imposing stiff sentences on Communists for offenses that in themselves seem unimportant. The record of these sentences in respect to their severity, their frequency and their wide geographical distribution is startling.

There is the case of the five young women in California who displayed a red flag in a children's camp which they were running on leased property. One of them is under sentence of from one to ten years; the remaining four got from six months to five years. A man who was convicted with them avoided the penalty by killing himself when sentence was imposed. In Buffalo two men are serving a sentence of 100 days in jail because they were caught in the act of decorating a meeting-hall with "Work or Wages" signs. Two men who raised a slogan-placard at the March 6 demonstration at Waterbury, Connecticut, are serving a four months' sentence; another is under sentence of three months. Two of the thirteen arrested at the demonstration of February 21 in Chicago were fined $60, with an alternative of 120 days in jail; two more had to pay $35 or go to jail for seventy days.

Pete Muselin, Tom Zima and Milan Rosetar have just begun to serve five-year sentences in Pennsylvania for sedition. They were arrested in a private home and convicted on the basis of literature in their possession which is allowed to circulate freely in the mails. Harry Canter is due to be released from Deer Island Penitentiary, Massachusetts, on April 22. He has been serving a one-year sentence for having called Governor Fuller the murderer of Sacco and Vanzetti.

The five Ohio criminal syndicalism cases are particularly striking. In the first group two men were sentenced to five years in prison and fined $5,000, and a girl was given an indeterminate sentence in the women's reformatory. The more recent convictions involved two girls, one of whom was given five to ten years in the reformatory and fined $2,500, while the other received a reformatory sentence of one to ten years. The girl who got the heavier sentence was forced to take the stand over the protest of her attorney, and turned out to be a bad witness for herself. All five of these convictions were for distributing literature held to be seditious.

The case of Powers and Carr, now being tried in Atlanta, Georgia, involves charges of "inciting to insurrection" and "circulating insurrectionary papers," based on a statute of 1861. In the theory of this statute it is insurrectionary to address a meeting in which Negroes are present in considerable numbers with whites, and the penalty may be death. The meeting for which Carr and Powers were arrested was broken up by the tear-gas bombs of police before it was addressed by anybody. The first charge against them was "disorderly conduct," but this was changed to "unlawful assembly" and "throwing tear-gas bombs." The insurrection charges first appeared when the state brought in its true bills.

The attempt to organize textile workers in the South is evidently well suited to the aim of would-be martyrs. One needs only to mention the Gastonia defendants and Judge Barnhill's deliberate choice of heavy penalties when he was free to assess light ones. Then there is the case of young George Saul, who is now doing six months on the chain gang following a conviction of inciting to riot, resisting an officer and carrying a concealed weapon. He was arrested merely for addressing an open-air meeting; the other charges were a by-product of the dislike of Communist martyrs in North Carolina.

The most conspicuous of all the recent cases is that of William Z. Foster and his four associates in New York City. For ordering a march down Broadway on March 6 in defiance of the orders of the police, Foster and three others—Robert Minor, Israel Amter and Harry Raymond—have been given indeterminate sentences to the penitentiary up to three years, while the fifth man, Robert Leston, has been sentenced to a month in the workhouse.

These are only a few of the many recent occurrences that illustrate our point. That point is that the Communists are constantly being treated in such a way as tends to justify their contention that a member of the working class cannot get justice in the "capitalist" courts. When a Communist breaks the law, he should certainly be liable to the same degree of punishment anyone else would get; but The New Republic is convinced, that, apart from considerations of decency and humanity, it is bad for the courts themselves, bad for the public morale and bad for the social structure that the authorities should continue to play into the Communists' hands by giving them exceptionally severe treatment merely because they are supposed to want it. We have no enthusiasm for the Communist program, but we begin to be impressed by the force of arguments daily supplied to them in support of their criticism of the existing order.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY
R. M. LOVETT GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON
STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Hard Times for Farmers

I: *The Farm Board and the Farmer*

A discussion of America's most pressing domestic problem, the long-continued depression in agriculture, is being presented by The New Republic in a series of six articles by different authors. In the present article, the first of the series, Mr. E. G. Nourse shows how the Federal Farm Board's policy of favoring coöperative organization is being challenged by the traditional and stubborn individualism of the American farmer.—THE EDITORS.

WITHIN six weeks after Inauguration Day, a special session of Congress had been convened; eight weeks later it had passed a bill to create a Federal Farm Board. Promptly Mr. Hoover named the eight men who, along with the Secretary of Agriculture, were to serve as the board's first personnel. To the long-continued clamor for farm relief the new administration had given prompt answer, taken decisive action.

The President—for it was admittedly his bill—had led the ace of his trump suit. Trump, because the Farm Board device contemplates just that sort of integration and rationalization of business interests upon which Mr. Hoover built so great a reputation as Secretary of Commerce and as a business engineer before that. Ace, because this measure proposes to make the government itself the agency for bringing the nation's largest single industry together in a great constructive program of coördinated effort.

The enabling act under which the Farm Board came into existence is officially styled the Agricultural Marketing Act, and its stated purpose is "to promote the effective merchandising of agricultural commodities in interstate and foreign commerce so that the industry of agriculture will be placed on a basis of economic equality with other industries, and to that end to protect, control and stabilize currents of interstate and foreign commerce in the marketing of agricultural commodities and their food products." Critics of the act have objected that the remedy is to be applied to the distributive system, whereas the ills of agriculture are due to defects in the productive organization of the industry. However, any really intelligent and searching diagnosis of unsatisfactory prices is likely to emphasize the existence of acute or chronic surpluses and thus lead to critical and constructive proposals for the conduct of agriculture's producing department. Indeed, the act itself explicitly states that one of the Board's four lines of procedure shall be to aid "in preventing and controlling surpluses in any agricultural commodity, through *orderly production and distribution,* so as to maintain advantageous domestic markets and prevent such surpluses from causing undue and excessive fluctuations or depressions in prices for the commodity."

The problem being one of better economic organization in agriculture, ameliorative measures are to start at a point where existing organization is greatest, or, if you please, disorganization least pronounced. It appeared that the distinctive form of modern business organization appropriate to agriculture is the coöperative association, and co-operation has been predominantly concerned with marketing activities.

But even accepting this as good strategy for the attack, two questions are still to be faced: how heavy are the odds, and how bright are the prospects of victory? Whoever attempts to answer these questions must either be blessed with omniscience or buoyed up by the valor of ignorance. For myself, I shall be content merely to set forth what is to me the essential issue raised by the creation of a Federal Farm Board within the structure of our government.

Agriculture is to be aided in saving itself through the agency of large-scale joint action similar to that found in other industries. To propose this is openly to throw down the gauntlet to the farmer, challenging him on the ground of his most deeply rooted prepossession. Everywhere and always he has cherished the idea of himself as "the independent farmer." But the Federal Farm Board has not been anointed to serve this god; it smites hip and thigh the idol of farmer "independence." The hand of iconoclasm is tearing at the foundations of one of our most ancient tribal gods. Before he topples, or before the iconoclasts retire in discomfiture, let us take a closer look at his lineaments and the virtues which tradition ascribes to him.

II

The independent farmer of today is the descendant of the pioneer of yesterday. The early history both of colonies and nation was written by the pioneer farmer. It was men and women of this breed that enabled seaboard agriculture so rapidly to escape the narrow valleys and rocky soils on which it first got its foothold. It was they who subdued the wider, richer lands of western New York, Ohio, the Middle West, and, finally, the Far West. The brunt of exploring and developing the continent fell on them, and in the remoter corners of the country the task of pioneering is hardly yet completed.

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The pioneer farmer was selected, bred and trained for qualities of individualism and stubborn insistence upon living his own life in his own way. His very willingness to sacrifice himself and his women and his children in order to take a chance on the economic future of any area where they could get a farm of their own has given us not only the achievements but also some of the disasters of our agricultural history. For the pioneer has "the defects of his qualities," and often knows not that what was sound and laudable in early days may become economically vicious at a more advanced stage of national development. The pioneering of submarginal lands still going on today aggravates the surplus problem, which is generally conceded to be the core of present agrarian distress. The survival of pioneer habits of thought and types of action more or less generally throughout our agricultural class has stood in the way of its acceptance of the social discipline of modern economic life and prevented adequate participation in the group activities demanded by present-day economic institutions.

Probably the "hill-billy" farmer represents the most exaggerated case of social independence linked with an extreme degree of geographic isolation. Physically 100-percent American, with a line of ancestry running straight back to colonial days, he is spiritually a 200-percent American, with the virtue of indomitable independence running to the vicious extreme of touchiness and producing a whimsical irascibility which has precluded permanent and dependable social organization.

The hill-billy farmer as I knew him in the Ozarks represented the third skimming of the super-independent, who had found even the light rein of social control in the Appalachians too galling. No wonder that these farmers dynamited the dipping vats when the government tried to carry out a campaign of tick eradication. No wonder that the county agricultural agent and the extension specialist from the college have found them impervious to scientific knowledge and better farm practices. No wonder that the hill-billy farmer has resisted coöperative organization, that he has breached his contract and bootlegged his produce to any buyer who offered an extra nickel.

But the pioneer who went West and enabled the country to grow up with him, and the hill-billy who went back into the highlands and "up to the fork of the creek" where neither law nor convention would demand anything of him, do not compass the whole of rural "independence." There was also the timid soul who felt no urge to crack his whip from the seat of the covered wagon. Those who remained in the older farming sections, even though this may have involved parental domination or the constraining influence of kinfolk and gossiping neighbors, preserved themselves at least against the need to change old ways to fit a new environment or altered circumstances. They have been conservative as to new methods of farming; they have been resistant toward unaccustomed schemes of collective bargaining, calls for information as to their "intentions to plant," or academic suggestions for the readjustment of their industry.

Of course I do not mean to say that all farmers fall into one or the other of the too-independent types which we have been discussing. There are many fine, aggressive, socialized, coöperative farm proprietors who keep themselves effectively in touch with the educational forces which constitute the experimental department of their industry and with their fellow farmers who have like interests in either the technical or business branches of their calling. These men, likewise, either individually or in groups, work with little friction and much understanding at the points of contact where their industry touches the fields of finance, transportation and marketing.

But however high we may set them qualitatively, they are quantitatively but a minor factor in the whole picture of American agriculture. There have not been nearly enough of them, as individual farm proprietors, to establish the general level of farm management on such a plane as to effect a prosperous adjustment of the industry to the conditions by which it has been confronted over a period of years. There have not been nearly enough of them to make up the membership of coöperative marketing organizations capable of putting the distribution of any considerable fraction of our farm products on a really sound and economical basis. In only a few spots either particularly favored by the character of the product and natural limitations upon its volume of production or blessed with an unusually well informed and well financed personnel, have commodity groups been formed that are at all comparable in their effectiveness with those found everywhere in the ordinary run of non-agricultural business enterprises.

III

This brings us back to the grave problem which confronts the Federal Farm Board. You cannot have coöperation without coöperators, and the rank and file of American farmers still live by the creed of individualism in which they were reared. The Farm Board may be called upon to aid some of the established and successful coöperatives. But after all, these have shown a considerable ability to take care of themselves, and facilitating their future efforts would be but a small and not very brilliant star in the Farm Board's crown on the last great day. The real purpose for which the Board was brought into being is to do something significant about the low net prices of our great staple products—prices that have been disastrous for millions of farmers scattered from one end of the country to the other, and that have produced a decade of agricultural depression.

Grain, livestock, cotton and tobacco are four sprawling giants whose uncoördinated movements

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and perverse conduct have caused national humiliation, if not alarm. They are badly in need of some tutorial or disciplinary agency that can set them squarely on their feet, tidy their appearance, steady their movements, give them the snap and smartness that distinguish the other members of our industrial family. It would take a sizable volume to analyze the present state of organization and the past history of organizational effort in any one of these branches of our agricultural industry. Even in this brief article, however, we may perhaps be able to present a thumbnail sketch which will illustrate by a single instance the case of farmer "independence" versus the Farm Board. For this purpose we shall take the grain-growing industry, to whose grooming the Farm Board has already laid its hand.

The first farmers' grain elevator of which we have record had its origin in the late fifties. Through the ups and downs of Grange and Farm Alliance history, the movement retained a tenacious foothold, but it showed little expansion until near the end of the century. Then it found itself, and for a few years fought a brilliant battle in which it vanquished the hosts of line elevator monopoly and broke through local shipping points to put its grain directly in the great terminal market centers. Overlapping this movement was another which aimed to establish coöperative terminal selling agencies, and which has, over the years, produced a handful of such concerns capable of maintaining their own existence but exerting negligible effect on the grain market. Just after the World War the craze for "commodity pools" swept rapidly from the Pacific Northwest over into the Mississippi Valley until it included more than a dozen of the principal wheat-producing states. After barely a decade, less than half of these wheat pools were still in existence. The survivors seemed unwilling to die, but were unable to move forward to accomplish any of the significant results which were expected of them.

Each one of these groups has been directed by men who were close to the soil—"farmer-minded"—and thus thoroughly indoctrinated with the traditional code of farmer "independence." No one of the three would work with any of the others. Their idea of coöperation was that others work with them. They preferred rusty obsolescence to the pain and humiliation of being melted down and recast in a new form better designed to fit the farmers' needs.

No doubt each of these three factions hoped and sought to be the recipient of the Farm Board's funds and favor, which would enable it to expand into a mighty agency of salvation for the grain farmer. But the hard-boiled Board took little account of their separate sovereignties, their stubborn sense of independence. Behind closed doors it gave them a brisk injunction to forget the past and get together in a single coördinated enterprise, a system of producer grain marketing which would include both country shipping and terminal selling, and which would pool the interests of all their producer members in the common cause of more economical handling and the most skillful distribution possible.

Apparently the leaders who received this well reasoned message from an outside agency occupying a position so well calculated to command respectful attention have set seriously about the business of designing a coördinated grain-marketing system which would provide an integrated agency of contact between grain producers and the Federal Farm Board. But however skillful their draftsmanship, however well designed the marketing machinery which they propose to set in action, yet another question remains to be answered: Will the farmers support it?

But if it is to accomplish its appointed purpose, the farmer must turn over his grain to it and must supply a reasonable part of the capital with which it is to do business. The Farm Board stipulated two conditions to the conference of fifty representatives of present coöperative grain-marketing agencies: (1) the several factions must throw in their lot with a single coördinated system of grain marketing, so that there may be one representative or authoritative agency with which to deal; (2) this organization must be on a sound commercial basis adequate to its needs; must have an initial capital of at least ten million dollars. Even this would be sufficient only for an organization that could serve as a nucleus for the comprehensive producer-owned marketing system which is contemplated as the ultimate objective.

Here, then, is a blunt challenge to the "independent" grain farmers. Will enough of them and of their small and local business units curtail their cherished sovereignty and delegate to a central governing organization enough power to make it a significant competitive factor in business organized upon the large scale which prevails in the business world in which they aspire to play a brilliant part? To anyone who knows the stingy contribution of capital and the fickle patronage which even the surviving farmer grain-marketing agencies have been vouchsafed by their nominal members, it must be a matter of grave doubt whether the farmers who have clamored for relief to the grain-growing industry are ready to pay the *quid pro quo* in terms of loyal and intelligent support.

Without such support as this among existing grain coöperatives, no Farm Board that could be recruited anywhere could build a grain-marketing agency which would get efficient merchandising of even that part of the total grain supply which this most nearly coöperative fraction of the grain industry controls. As for doing anything through such an agency toward the stabilization of any but the most local disparities of price, that is utterly out of the question. Before much could be done toward real price stabilization, even intra-seasonally, there would have to be allegiance and a working scheme of government covering the dominant portion of the industry—the several million farmers scattered

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over most of our states, the in-and-outers as well as established producers. The aim certainly will not be accomplished within the present pattern of farmer "independence."

IV

Only three alternatives seem to be embraced within the logic of our agricultural situation. First, our farmers may remain "independent," disorganized, discouraged; accepting such economic adjustment as the blind, relentless working of economic laws may eventually bring. Nature in the long run strikes its own equilibrium. Second, there is the "noble experiment" upon which the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1929 has embarked us. This looks to voluntary coöperation of broad scope under government auspices as a means toward the rationalization of the several branches of our agricultural industry. The purpose is to effect a quicker and more socially satisfactory equilibrium through purposeful public and private action. It can be accomplished only if the farmer puts off his ancient garment of ragged individualism and accepts the modern mode of expertly designed group action. The third alternative is some form of compulsory coöperation.

Public opinion in these safe and sane United States has already arrayed itself so stoutly against McNary-Haugenism that we may safely dismiss the third alternative for the present at least. We shall not set our feet in the path of comprehensive group action under government compulsion, even though some rather decent Nordics in neighboring countries and overseas are experimenting with this sort of economic mechanism. Nor is it our present intention to fall back on *laissez-faire*. As at no previous time in our history, it has been explicitly declared to be the public policy of this country to solve the agricultural problem, or at least to ameliorate the condition of those who depend on agriculture for their livelihood, by economic engineering of an ambitious sort.

Whether this engineering project succeeds will depend upon the soundness of the design and the correctness of the principles upon which that design was made, but not less upon the quality of the materials with which the structure is to be built. Even if the engineers did not have a trustworthy handbook from which the strength of these materials could be ascertained, they may have made a happy guess in accordance with which their calculations will eventually prove themselves sound and workable. Or it may be that they will be able to devise some clever schemes for treating even unsatisfactory materials in such a way as to give them the necessary strength or workability. We must all of us stand by in interested and sympathetic contemplation of their efforts.

Can they infuse into the discrete individualism of agriculture as we have known it such a sense of solidarity, such a willingness to accept even self-imposed discipline, that we shall really have agriculture economically organized on a basis comparable with that of other industries and commensurate with modern economic needs? We have set out to solve the agrarian problem in terms of organized agriculture. But unless the nine gentlemen who constitute the Federal Farm Board can effect this shift from farmer "independence" to a reasonable measure of industrial solidarity and internal control, "organized agriculture" will still be known only in the gorgeously Pickwickian sense in which the term has been used thus far.

E. G. NOURSE.

In the second article of the series, Mr. Roland R. Renne will discuss the question of what the tariff can do for the American farmers. Can it actually put money into their pockets? After examining the four agricultural commodities on which the tariff is said to be most effective, Mr. Renne will present some interesting conclusions.—THE EDITORS.

Epistle to Be Left in the Earth

... It is colder now. There are many stars. We are drifting
North by the Great Bear. The leaves are falling.
The water is stone in the scooped rocks. To southward
Red sun, gray air. The crows are
Slow on their crooked wings. The jays have left us.
Long since we passed the flares of Orion.
Each man believes in his heart he will die.
Many have written last thoughts and last letters.
None know if our deaths are told or forever.
None know if this wandering earth will be found.
We lie down and the snow covers our garments.
I pray you, you—if any open this writing—
Speak in your mouths the words that were our names. . . .

I will tell you all we have learned. I will tell you everything.
This earth is round. There are springs under the orchards.
The loam cuts with a blunt knife. Beware of
Elms in thunder. The lights in the sky are stars:
We think they do not see. We think also
The trees do not know nor the leaves of the grasses hear us.
The birds too are ignorant.
Do not listen.
Do not stand at dark in the open windows.
We before you have heard this. They are voices.
They are not words at all but the wind rising.
Also none among us have seen God.
The moon's is the white face. We have thought often
The flaws of sun in the late and driving weather
Pointed to one tree; but it was not so.
As for the nights, I warn you the nights are dangerous.
The wind changes at night and the dreams come. . . .

It is very cold. There are strange stars near Arcturus.
A voice is crying an unknown name in the sky.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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Loom Dance

THEY had brought a "minute-man" into one of the Southern cotton-mill towns. A doctor told me this story. The minute-men come from the North. They are efficiency experts. The North, as everyone knows, is the old home of efficiency. The minute-man comes into a mill with a watch in his hand. He stands about. He is one of the fathers of the "stretch-out" system. The idea is like this:

There is a woman here who works at the looms. She is a weaver. She is taking care, let us say, of thirty looms. The question is—is she doing all she can?

It is put up to her. "If you can take care of more looms you can make more money." The workers are all paid by the piece-work system.

"I will stand here with this watch in my hand. You go ahead and work. Be natural. Work as you always did.

"I will watch every movement you make. I will coördinate your movements.

"Now, you see you have stopped to gossip with another woman, another weaver.

"That time you talked for four minutes.

"Time is money, my dear.

"And you have gone to the toilet. You stayed in there seven minutes. Was that necessary? Could you not have done everything necessary in three minutes?

"Three minutes here, four minutes there. Minutes, you see, make hours and hours make cloth."

I said it was put up to her, the weaver. Well, you know how such things are put up to employees in any factory. "I am going to try this," he says, "do you approve?"

"Sure."

What else is to be said?

There are plenty of people out of work, God knows.

You don't want to lose your job, do you?

(The boss speaking.)

"Well, I asked them about it. They all approved.

"Why, I had several of them into my office. 'Is everything all right?' I asked. 'Are you perfectly satisfied about everything?'

" 'Sure,' they all said."

It should be understood, if you do not understand, that the weaver in the modern cotton mill does not run his loom. He does not pull levers. The loom runs on and on. It is so arranged that if one of the threads among many thousand threads breaks, the loom automatically stops.

It is the weaver's job to spring forward. The broken thread must be found. Down inside the loom there are little steel fingers that grasp the threads. The ends of the broken thread must be found and passed through the finger that is to hold just that thread. The weaver's knot must be tied. It is a swiftly made, hard little knot. It will not show in the finished cloth. The loom may run for a long time and no thread break, and then, in a minute, threads may break in several looms.

The looms in the weaving-rooms are arranged in long rows. The weaver passes up and down. Nowadays, in modern mills, she does not have to change the bobbins. The bobbins are automatically fed into the loom. When a bobbin has become empty it falls out and a new one takes its place. A full cylinder of bobbins is up there, atop the loom. The full bobbins fall into their places as loaded cartridges fall into place when a revolver is fired.

So there is the weaver. All she, or he, has to do is to walk up and down. Let us say that twenty or thirty looms are to be watched. The looms are of about the breadth of an ordinary writing desk or the chest of drawers standing in your bedroom.

You walk past twenty or thirty of them, keeping your eyes open. They are all in rapid motion, dancing. You must be on the alert. You are like a school teacher watching a group of children.

But these looms, these children of the weaver, do not stand still. They dance in their places. There is a play of light from the factory windows and from the white cloth against the dark frames of the looms.

Belts are flying. Wheels are turning.

The threads—often hundreds to the inch—lie closely in the loom, a little steel finger holding each thread. The bobbin flies across, putting in the cross threads. It flies so rapidly the eye cannot see it.

That is a dance, too.

The loom itself seems to jump off the floor. There is a quick jerky movement, a clatter. The loom is setting each cross thread firmly in place, making firm, smooth cloth.

The dance of the looms is a crazy dance. It is jerky, abrupt, mechanical. It would be interesting to see some dancer do a loom dance on the stage. A new kind of music would have to be found for it.

There are fifteen looms dancing, twenty, thirty, forty. Lights are dancing over the looms. There is always, day in, day out, this strange jerky movement, infinitely complex. The noise in the room is terrific.

The job of the minute-man is to watch the opera-

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tor. This woman makes too many false movements. "Do it like this."

The thing is to study the movements, not only of the weavers but of the machines. The thing is to more perfectly coördinate the two.

It is called by the weavers the "stretch-out."

It is possible by careful study, by watching an operator (a weaver) hour after hour, standing with watch in hand, following the weaver up and down, to increase the efficiency by as much as 100 percent. It has been done.

Instead of thirty-six looms, let us say seventy-two. Something gained, eh? Every other operator replaced.

Let us say a woman weaver makes twelve dollars a week. Let her make sixteen. That will be better for her.

You still have eight dollars gained.

What about the operator replaced? What of her?

But you cannot think too much of that if you are to follow modern industry. To every factory new machines are coming. They all throw workmen out of work. That is the whole point. The best brains in America are engaged in that. They are making more and more complex, strange and wonderful machines that throw people out of work.

They don't do it for that reason. The mill owner doesn't buy for that reason. To think of mill owners as brutes is just nonsense. They have about as much chance to stop what is going on as you have.

What is going on is the most exciting thing in modern life. Modern industry is a river in flood, it is a flow of refined power.

It is a dance.

The minute-man the doctor told me about made a mistake. He was holding his watch on the wrong woman.

She had been compelled to go to the toilet and he followed her to the door and stood there, watch in hand.

It happened that the woman had a husband, also a weaver, working in the same room.

He stood watching the man who was holding the watch on his wife in there. His looms were dancing—the loom dance.

And then suddenly he began to dance. He hopped up and down in an absurd, jerky way. Cries, queer, seemingly meaningless cries, came from his throat.

He danced for a moment like that and then he sprang forward. He knocked the minute-man down. Other weavers, men and women, came running. Now they were all dancing up and down. Cries were coming from many throats.

The weaver who was the husband of the woman back of the door had knocked the minute-man down, and now was dancing upon his body. He kept making queer sounds. He may have been trying to make the music for the new loom dance.

The minute-man from the North was not a large man. He was slender and had blue eyes and light, curly hair and wore glasses.

The glasses had fallen on the floor.

His watch had fallen on the floor.

All the looms in the room kept running.

Lights danced in the room.

The looms kept dancing.

A weaver was dancing on a minute-man's watch.

A weaver was dancing on a minute-man's glasses.

Other weavers kept coming.

They came running. Men and women came from the spinning-room.

There were more cries.

There was music in the mill.

And really you must get into your picture the woman—in there.

We can't leave her out.

She would be trying, nervously, to arrange her clothes. She would have heard her husband's cries.

She would be dancing, grotesquely, in a confined place.

In all the mills, the women and girls hate more than anything else being watched when they go to the toilet.

They speak of that among themselves. They hate it more than they hate long hours and low wages.

There is a kind of deep human humiliation in that.

There is this secret part of me, this secret function, the waste of my body being eliminated. We do not speak of that. It is done secretly.

We must all do it and all know we must all do it. Rightly seen it is but a part of our relations with nature.

But we civilized people are no longer a part of nature. We live in houses. We go into factories.

These may be a part of nature, too. We are trying to adjust ourselves. Give us time.

You—do not stand outside of this door to this little room, holding a watch in your hand, when I go in here.

There are some things in this world, even in our modern mass-production world, not permitted.

There are things that will make a weaver dance the crazy dance of the looms.

There was a minute-man who wanted to coördinate the movements of weavers to the movements of machines.

He did it.

The legs of weavers became hard and stiff like legs of looms. There was an intense up and down movement. Cries arose from many throats. They blended strangely with the clatter of looms.

As for the minute-man, some other men, foremen, superintendents and the like, got him out of there. They dragged him out at a side door and

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into a mill yard. The yard became filled with dancing, shouting men, women and girls. They got him into another machine, an automobile, and hurried him away. They patched him up. The doctor who patched him up told me the story.

He had some ribs broken and was badly bruised, but he lived all right. He did not go back into the mill.

The "stretch-out" system was dropped in that mill in the South. The loom dance of the weavers stopped it that time.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

Investment Trusts Gone Wrong

V: *The Investor's Point of View*

IN THE four preceding articles of this series, I made some definite charges against the management of our American brand of investment trusts as a prelude to certain observations I wished to offer upon their economic and social effects. It will not do, therefore, to dismiss the subject without disposing of certain natural queries which arise about the purely investment aspects of these institutions, and without answering, so far as possible in this last brief article, the question of what we are to do about it.

First of all, we have to be sure the investment trust in its perfected form is something worth keeping. I think it is. In our present system there is a genuine need for something of the kind. The man with a small amount of money to invest may wish to do any one of a multitude of things with it. He may wish merely to entrust it to some safe depositary. He may want to get it comfortably placed in good dividend-paying stocks. He may prefer to put it into sound common stocks which, while affording some yield, offer the opportunity for a growing increment over a reasonable period. Or he may wish to launch it into some highly adventurous speculation which promises to blossom into swift and bulky riches. Here are four types of investors. For the first, there is the savings bank, adequately guarded. For the last—the speculator—there are the wide-open arms of Wall Street and the welcoming little boardroom of the odd-lot broker. There is no reason why the State should interest itself in this gentleman or his gambling adventures. But for the two middle classes—the investors who are looking for a conservative investment with as high a yield as is consistent with safety, and those who wish to share in the natural growth of our healthy industries—there is literally no place to go.

In the last half-dozen years I have received many hundreds of letters from such investors, asking me to tell them in general terms just what they might do with their money. The man with $10,000 or more can pay an investment counselor, and if he has sense he will. But the man with just a few thousands cannot afford to do this. I have asked a score of financial experts—bankers, insurance presidents, financial authorities—what answer can be given such men. The old advice used to be, "Ask your banker." But this is just about the last advice I should give to anyone, first, because the average banker doesn't know, and, second, because he is not a disinterested adviser. There is no answer. There is no place the small investor can go for advice. Not one man in ten thousand with a few hundred dollars to put in stocks knows anything about the subject. The perfect answer would be advising him to put his money into the shares of an investment trust. But what investment trust? This question is as difficult to answer as the first one.

There ought to be in existence a group of investment trusts in which the rights of the investor were so guarded that any ordinary man with a few hundreds or thousands of dollars to invest could go into one of them with a reasonable degree of assurance that he was at least protected from the smart financial gentlemen who have perfected the art of using other peoples' money. The management of such an investment trust might be wise or unwise. There is no way to control this. But it ought to be honest and it ought to be wholly in the interest of the investor. And it ought to be possible for the investor to distinguish such trusts from the others.

Now, there are many types of investment trusts. The essence of the institution lies in this: that it is formed to invest its funds, not in productive or commercial operations, but in the stocks or bonds of corporations thus engaged. It is an institutionalized investor. Four factors are found in every trust. There are the fund, the participants, the trustee and the trust. The character of the investment trust may be varied almost indefinitely by modifying the character of these four factors. The fund may be large or small; it may be raised through guaranteed bonds, preferred and common stocks of different classes and in differing proportions. The participants may be few or many, or limited to a trade or class. The trustee may be an individual or a corporation. The trust may be wide in the powers it confers, or limited and specialized.

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Hence an investment trust may belong to what is called a general-management type, in which the trustees or managers are given a commission to manage the fund under wide discretionary powers. It may be of a special-management type, in which the managers are limited to investment in a single industry; or it may be of a fixed type, in which the funds are invested at the outset in a fixed group of stocks which the trustee is powerless to alter. Here the trustee amounts to little more than a custodian, management being reduced to purely routine functions.

Any one of these types may be quite sound and profitable. Any one may be bad. In each case it will depend upon the management and on the purpose for which the trust was established in the first place. However, the general-management trust, where the discretion of the trustee is wide, is the type through which the greatest social service may be rendered and the greatest abuses practised. Indeed, it is against these general-management trusts that my criticism has been directed. They have, as a matter of fact, gathered in the great bulk of the funds that have been entrusted to investment trusts as a whole.

It is estimated that the capital now at the disposal of some 500 investment trusts is about $3,000,000,000. The Wall Street firm of Grover O'Neill and Company has just compiled a table of 117 investment trusts of the general-management type. The total invested in these 117 trusts is $2,710,626,000, or 90 percent of the estimated whole. Of this sum, $1,954,944,000 is invested in 27 large general-management trusts. Keane's Investment Trust Monthly lists 214 funds established last year, with capital offerings of $1,634,800,000 in stock. Of this sum, $1,000,000,000 was offered by just twenty companies. The limited-management trusts and the fixed-type trusts constitute a very small percentage of the problem.

I must not be understood, however, as charging that all of these general-management trusts are proper targets for my criticisms. There are wisely and fairly managed trusts among them, and this is important as furnishing excellent models after which regulation may be patterned. Let me give an actual example. I have in mind a trust with a capital and surplus of $13,000,000. It has but one kind of shares, which are issued for cash only. There are no cunning capital provisions lodging a large block of unpaid-for common shares in the hands of the promoters. Those organizers who hold stock have paid for it in full. All profits are distributed to shareholders, save such as are reserved for surplus. The cost of administering the fund is limited to 6 percent of the profits, as compared with Goldman Sachs's fee of 12 percent. The cost last year amounted to one-fourth of one percent of the capital and surplus.

Out of fifty-seven trusts included in the O'Neill list in one bracket, all but nine saw their investments shrink below cost by December 31 of last year. The trust I am describing was among the nine. Its investments actually rose above cost in so disastrous a year as 1929—the advance being about 10 percent. Exploitation by the managers is made impossible by the preparation of a list of stocks—leaders and persistent dividend-payers in many important industries—from which all shares purchased must be bought. The trust now owns stocks of 140 corporations divided among about twenty industries—the fullest diversification. It makes public its entire portfolio quarterly, reporting to its stockholders all purchases and sales of shares with the prices paid or received. The result last year was that this trust weathered the November debacle with a substantial advance in its investment over cost, while some eighty-two trusts reporting their condition to Grover O'Neill showed an aggregate contraction in their investments of $350,767,445 below cost.

Now, with all this in mind I want to propose some regulations which, it seems to me, cannot be considered unreasonable. First, the name "investment trust" should be taken over by law for the exclusive use of companies conforming to certain conditions of safe investment. The mere wearing of the title "investment trust" would thus become a guarantee that the company offers those restrictions on management which will insure the minimum of safety. This will leave a clear field for gentlemen who want to promote their own designs by operating especially adventurous companies of all kinds. But they will not be permitted to call them investment trusts or to advertise them as such.

Meanwhile, the requirements for real investment trusts need not be numerous. No investment banker or employee should be permitted to organize an investment trust, serve on its board or engage in its management either directly or indirectly. No trust should be permitted to purchase any shares of a company in which its directors or trustees are interested, whether as managers, directors, agents or large stockholders. These two provisions are designed to lift the whole investment-trust business out of the hands of the investment bankers and other interested parties.

No stock in an investment trust should be issued for any other consideration than cash. There is no sound reason for any other sort of investment-company stock save common stock of one class. Nevertheless, this matter may be stretched to the extent of permitting a limited issue of bonds or preferred stock.

There should be an end of secrecy. The whole plan of capitalization should be frankly and clearly set forth at the outset, together with a full statement of the interests of the promoters. The stock purchases and other uses of funds should be fully disclosed, and at least four times a year the trustees or directors should report to stockholders the names of all stocks held, together with the names of all

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securities bought or sold and the prices paid or received.

Most important of all, no corporation should be permitted to hold stock in an investment trust, and no individual should be permitted to exercise a voting control in excess of a fraction of one percent, no matter how much stock of the trust he owns. The investment trust is primarily an instrument for handling the investments of the small investor. The chief reason for a very large holding of its stock would be to get control of its funds for some special purpose, something which should be prevented above all else. This would put an end to holding-company control. And there can be no reason for holding-company control save some special scheme to use the funds of the investor—an aim which immediately defeats the very purpose of the trust.

England, we are told by those who object to regulation, manages well enough without state regulation. This is true in a sense. There is, so far as I know, no regulation of investment trusts in England, save such as results from the General Companies Act governing all corporations. This act enforces some control at the launching of the trust by compelling the organizers to furnish a mass of data about their plans, which in this country almost always remain obscure.

It is not this control, however, which accounts for the better character of the British trusts. The institution has developed differently there. The investment banker does not manage or control it. It has grown as a separate interest, though there is some friendly commerce between the investment trusts and the houses of issue in the underwriting of new issues. There are no excessive compensation charges in England; the magic capitalizations are not to be found, nor has the holding-company exploitation seized them. Behind all this is the absence, in London financial circles, of that easy tolerance of the high-pressure promoter which we have in New York and Chicago. In short, the English trusts do not exhibit the abuses we find here. But what does this mean? When you have said this much, it still remains that we do have in America all the abuses described. And they tend to grow greater rather than less.

The first thing necessary, then, is to have a study of the subject by the only authorities that have power to get the facts. Congress, first of all, is vitally concerned, because of the effect these trusts are having on the ownership and control of the tools of industry, and because those states where the abuses flourish most abundantly—those states where they are favored by easy laws—cannot be counted on ever to do anything about the matter, though meanwhile their trusts and the holding-company overlords are operating all over the country. Next, the state legislatures, particularly in the larger states, ought to lose no time in bringing to light all the facts about this new engine of finance. I have been able to point in these articles to just a few of the bad practices that lie visible on the surface. An investigation by a legislative committee earnestly determined to get the facts would yield far more surprising revelations. Furthermore, the time to deal with the subject is now, before the abuses have a chance to go farther and deeper.

In the meantime, what can the investor do to protect himself? Well, a few simple tests applied to a trust which offers him stock will help. If the trust is fathered by an investment banker, he should reject it. There are a few trusts run by investment bankers which are quite all right, but the presumption is against them at the outset. If the trust does not make public its whole portfolio, he should not consider it for a moment. He should ask to see the stocks carried. If they do not represent a considerable diversification, he should have none of it. He ought to ask to see the capital structure. If there are Class A and Class B shares, let him drop it. If the stock is so rigged that it is complicated and difficult to understand, the trust should be avoided. If the compensation guaranteed to management plus operating expenses is more than one percent of the capital or more than 6 or 7 percent of the profits, let the stock alone. If there are provisions in the capital set-up giving managers rights to buy common stock in the future on any terms save those open to any other person, have none of it. If the stocks owned are of companies which are little known, or which have not been consistent dividend-payers, beware of it. In any case beware of it. This may seem a little harsh on those few trusts which may be classed as good. This is unfortunate. But it is up to the good trusts to take the lead in cleaning out the business, in which they suffer from the bad odor that at present envelops all.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason in the world why any group of men and women cannot organize their own investment trust. If they have the funds, all they require is management. And as to management, all that is needed is safe custodianship of the fund in the first place and expert selection of the stocks in the second place. Both of these services can be bought for a very modest sum. There are a number of well organized investment counselors who will furnish the highest type of investment advice for not more than one percent per annum on the capital invested. A bank can be named custodian of the cash and securities. A small investment trust, thus wholly owned and managed by a limited group of people with a community of interests—a group of teachers or writers or professional men or employees of a single interest—is perhaps as sensible a use to make of the idea as has yet been devised. You, my simple-minded readers, are the geese who lay the golden eggs. If you permit others to sit on them and capture the brood, then you are geese indeed.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Toronto Express

THE TORONTO Express leaves the Grand Central Station at eight-thirty in the morning. The first stop is Albany, three hours distant. The train is very long and well filled with people who are going to Utica and Rochester and Buffalo, for reasons of their own. I have been looking at these people. As I passed through the chair-cars I looked at them, and in the diner, too. In the chair-cars they seemed prosperous: that is, their clothes were neat and adequate. Mostly they were reading the morning papers. They seemed to do this automatically, with a sort of deadness about them. They were uniformly the color of the chairs they sat in—a stale gray-green. There was not one face that said anything; that had any apparent interest in living or curiosity in going on a trip. In the diner the expressions had changed a little. These people were moving their hands and mouths to eat. It was a glassy proceeding—the sodden food and the people eating as if it were a duty against which it was futile to rebel.

The coaches come now. I have found a seat and put my coat and hat on the rack above me. I have been craning my neck cheerfully to see what I can see. At first I was worried; I could not impress my mind with these faces; I could not keep them separate and clear. I looked for a man in a checkered suit, a woman with vermilion hair, a cross-eyed child, anything that would stand out and be memorable. But here again there are rows of faces. People are reading or just waiting, as animals do in cattle trains. They do not look as well kept as the people in the chair-cars, but the same lack of luster is on them. There is an emptiness in this car which is quite apart from the utter cheerlessness of plush seats, dirt, cold and dead air like carbon monoxide which has been breathed in and out by so many people for so long that it has lost its power of evil.

But there are two people worth looking at and wondering about. One of them is an old man, with a thin, yellowed beard and skin like a dried apricot stretched over his bones. His eyes are deep-set and seem blind, though he is reading a Yiddish paper. Next to him is a woman—his wife, I take it. She has a wig, or maybe it is just dyed hair. Whatever it is, this coarse auburn mop, it contrasts with her face, lined and uncertain with age, one eye smaller than the other, as if she had already started to die. Her hands are swollen and tired. She says something to him, in their dialect. He affects not to hear her, but she looks at him persistently with her head on one side, and suddenly he gives a shaky little laugh. Then she laughs, too. He goes back to reading his paper, very vigorously. Now she has taken down a bundle—it is a great handkerchief wrapped around something—and is undoing it. Soon they are eating mud-colored sandwiches four inches thick and talking to each other in jerks. They have the expectancy of children on a picnic. Did they bring with them from Europe the knowledge that going on a journey is a good thing?

I am reminded of other train trips. I can remember going from Paris to Grenoble one year, and quite by mistake getting on the train with the president of the Republic, who was also headed for Grenoble in order to say at some exposition or other, "This is a splendid ear of corn." There was cheering all night in all the towns, and we thought what a wonderfully energetic people the French were. We were in a third-class carriage and it was choking hot. There were four men in with us and they had the European tendency to regard night air as poisonous. We made polite speeches to each other about opening the window. Suddenly one of them smiled. We were friends then and talked a great deal—chiefly of the journey—where we were going, what we expected to find or do or be. They were shopkeepers, who are no mystic race. They were ordinary people as we were, and as the people on this train are today. But they were elated about going somewhere, and the fact that business transactions were their specific aim did not dull their curiosity about people or the feeling that the train and the compartment were a world apart, new and full of brief possibilities.

I can think of other trips. In Breslau once I suddenly decided to be in Berlin that night. There was a six-o'clock train due to reach the capital at midnight. Those are ghastly hours for travel; one is at low ebb; but still there was that wordless delight in the life that exists in a train. There were only two people in the compartment, a man with dueling scars and a woman with a gaunt, intelligent face. We were all reading. This was merely a bleak trip from Breslau to Berlin, but we were concerned with it and with each other; being there together was, for no reason, important. We began to talk all at once without any excuse. The man had been a prisoner in Siberia during the War. The woman was a trained nurse who had worked in a Cleveland hospital in 1912 and knew my country and my language. We talked of everything—Gerhardt Hauptmann and the Russian Ballet, and finally of peace. The man remarked that there would be another war. He said it without hate or haste, without feeling, but as if there were nothing else to say or think. The woman was silent. She agreed with him. I said, No, I didn't believe him. I wanted to be able to speak German better so I could tell him that he must be wrong. But all I could say was, No, we won't have it. Then he stood up and bowed and smiled at me and my insistence and said: *"Le flambeau est à vous tous. Portez-le."* Then we spoke of Berlin. They lived there. It was a surprising place, they said. They told me things to do and places to go. And they talked of where they had been, faces and cities, and it all seemed very alive and significant to the three of us.

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There was an old farmer and his wife, solid and ruddy, on a train from Aix-les-Bains to Geneva. They lived in Bourget and they were going to Geneva to arrange something about their land. It was obscure and didn't much matter, this deal they were going to bring off, but their joy in going to Switzerland, in seeing the towns they passed, in talking to me, a stranger, in planning to walk up and down the Quai Mont Blanc and visit cafés and ride in street-cars—that mattered. There have been many trips—incredibly uncomfortable ones on wooden benches in stuffy trains—but always they have been meaningful, because they held the elements of the impossible: new people, new places, the uncertainty and fascination of traveling.

So now I wonder what can have happened to the people on this train, on all the trains across this country. They are taking things so for granted. They are going stale and dead on themselves. Do they save their strength for higher pursuits? For what, then? I can only think of queues of people standing in line before movie-palaces on Broadway, and dim, unformed faces in speakeasies, and the blind, hurrying humanity on subways—people like those who behave so drearily on trains. Perhaps I am all wrong. Perhaps there is life here and I cannot see it. I shall go into the smoking-car and have a cigarette. I shall look, on one side, at the Hudson, shining and cold in this light, and the stone quarries, derricks, road-gangs and desolate, beautiful forests on the other. Perhaps I am being unduly morose at ten-thirty in the morning on the Toronto Express.

MARTHA GELLHORN.

Rabbit and Hawk

Up on the hill the hawk
That broke the rabbit's back
Cries out for what he sees
And what his sight must lack.

Here where the bright steel burns
Sapless, and grows no leaves,
Here where in no safe grass
No dying rabbit grieves,

Here where our flights by foot
From curb to unmossed curb
Are searches for the yield
Of a ruined golden herb,

We too break down the small
And are broken by the high—
Rabbit and hawk in one
We scatter and we fly.

What man would have it changed—
None furious, none oppressed,
The hawk's breast giving down
To line the rabbit's nest?

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Washington Notes

THE MOST vital things in the Washington offing at the moment are foreign, not domestic. Home affairs have diminished in interest as matters abroad have loomed up. There is still concern, of course, as to whether the harassed Herbert will have the courage to veto a tariff bill most unpopular in the country. For the rest, the hullabaloo is largely over the Parker nomination and the revelations of the Lobby Committee—matters which are not very exciting, no matter how important they may be. The really interesting question is whether the Senate will ratify the three-power treaty. Despite the cynics, who contend that we have achieved neither limitation, reduction nor parity, I feel that the treaty is a concrete achievement of great significance, and that to those who realize that the disarmament goal is to be approached slowly, step by step, without the possibility of taking spectacular strides, the conference will seem to have ended in a worth-while success.

Personally I think that Stimson's statement of the result was far more effective than Hoover's, largely because it was more moderate in tone and did not claim too much. Perhaps the estimable but not always felicitous Cotton was partly responsible. At any rate, the Stimson statement had about it a fairness and clarity which made you realize that the Secretary of State, despite his dreadful ineptitude in the important matter of press and propaganda and his deficiencies as a negotiator, has qualities as well as character. It does not do to sweep him up because of the multitude of carping little stories about him in London brought back by more or less irresponsible onlookers at the conference. All of these stories have to do with his relations with the press, and if one takes them seriously the conclusion would certainly be that poor Mr. Stimson was a terrible boob. Of course, badly as he did handle the press, he is nothing of the sort.

It should be said in defense of his unhappy relations with the American correspondents that a considerable number of these gentlemen represented papers violently opposed to the conference, which were doing everything possible to prevent its success, being convinced that it was a failure from the start. Further, it should be said that most of these correspondents were in personal sympathy with such newspaper policy—a situation which I think I forecast in this place just before the conference convened. A more agile, more aggressive and less sensitive man than Stimson would have known how to deal with this condition.

He didn't. He let it baffle and alarm him. He made a mess of it, but that is all he made a mess of, and while he undoubtedly suffered, I don't think that in the long run he will have been damaged by the experience. Whether as a result he will acquire greater facility in dealing with newspaper men at home remains to be seen. At any rate, it can hardly be said that the Hon. Cotton, in the absence of his chief, exhibited any greater capacity in this line, the muddled nature of some of his press statements being pretty hard to beat. There seems to have been a slight mistake about that gentleman. In Washington these days, one does not hear half so much about his surpassing wisdom and virtue as one heard six months ago.

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To return to the prospects of the treaty ratification, it appears to me that this depends largely upon the attitude of Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic Senate leader. The reason for this idea is clear enough. Obviously the Democrats will have to supply a considerable proportion of the votes if the necessary two-thirds majority is to be obtained. If the Hon. Mr. Robinson, one of our delegates who signed the treaty, comes home full of enthusiasm for it, taking the Stimson view that something real has been achieved, that a definite and hopeful step has been taken toward peace and economy, that international common sense has been promoted, and that he is proud of his part in it—if Mr. Robinson feels this way about it, the Democrats in the Senate will support the treaty with a reasonable degree of solidity and its ratification is assured. If, however, Mr. Robinson returns from his London experience in a morose and sour frame of mind, having signed the treaty because of a desire not to be cantankerous and disagreeable to his colleagues while on the other side, but unenthusiastic about the pact and pessimistic about its beneficial effects, why then, I should say, the prospects of ratification would be not at all good.

The present disposition among Democratic Senators, pending the return of Robinson, is not favorable. They are influenced, I think, by the feeling that ratification would redound to Mr. Hoover's advantage and tend to strengthen him in the country—which it probably will. As the Democratic publicity for more than a year has been directed toward opposing the unfortunate Herbert in every direction, there is a natural reluctance upon the part of Democratic Senators to concede that he is right upon any point. As for the Progressives, the bulk of them have already indicated a determination to oppose the pact, and they will lead the fight against it, with a certain amount of help from big-navy regular Republicans. Appreciation of these facts, it seems to me, makes the Robinson attitude the really important thing—much more important, for example, than that of Senator Reed, the Republican representative of the Senate on the delegation.

I have nothing to base the opinion on other than my knowledge of the man, but my belief is that Senator Robinson will be strongly in favor of the pact, and that he will divide with Reed the Senate leadership in the fight for it. And if this is the way he functions when he returns, there will be no doubt of ratification, though there will be many and loud cries from the outraged isolationists, infected with the Hearst and Chicago Tribune poison. So far as I have observed, the bulk of the press is now earnestly pro-pact, and this includes several of the more important Democratic organs. It will be difficult to defeat it unless Mr. Robinson is lukewarm. If he isn't, it will certainly go through.

I had intended to touch upon the World Court proposal, because recent developments, including the McCormick victory in Illinois on that issue and the Hoover speech to the Daughters of the American Revolution, have revived interest in it and made the submission of the proposal to the Senate in the near future seem probable. There certainly appears to be no reason for further executive delay. However, there is no space left to dwell upon this or any other subject. Another time will do.

Washington T. R. B.

Reviewer's Pleasure

Uncle Vanya, by Anton Chekhov. Acting Version by Rose Caylor. Cort Theater, April 15, 1930.

CRITICS may sometimes be autobiographical, no doubt, and so I may say that this review of Chekhov's play is made easier and happier by the fact that writing criticism about a production so careful and intelligent is a pleasure and a form of coöperation with the producer. In any right state of the theater that is what it should be.

"Uncle Vanya" is in a way the second long play that Chekhov wrote. After the failure of "Ivanoff" in Moscow in 1889, and its enormous success, in a revised form, in St. Petersburg, he wrote at one sitting the little farce of the boor, and after that a play called "The Demon," rewritten ten years later as "Uncle Vanya." This play, more emotionally conceived and written than were "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard," and often more arbitrary and personal, is harder to produce than either of them. Some of the speeches and much of the atmosphere are not easy for a foreign audience, and—most of all—the nature of the central role is more removed and more difficult for us than any character in the two more complete and accessible plays, though not more so than Ivanoff.

In this Russian household, Vanya, the son, long ago waived his share of the paternal estate in favor of his sister, when she married the celebrated professor and authority on art, Alexander Serebrakoff. She has died long ago, worn out by the great man, who, in spite of that, remained the idol of the family for many years and is still defended by his mother-in-law. She stands by him, as Orgon's old mother stood by Tartuffe, long after the myth is exploded. The myth is exploded but the professor is not. By some blurred force in him and some intangible, thwarted idealism in them, it happens that he saps the life of them all, including his second wife, young enough to be his daughter. Vanya and Sonia, the professor's daughter by his first wife, have given themselves laboriously to the estate and the professor's interests. The young wife comes with her husband to live in the country, largely for reasons of economy. The country doctor and Vanya both fall in love with her. She is more or less in love with the doctor, whom Sonia has loved for six years. The professor decides to sell the estate in order to invest at a better rate of interest. This rouses Vanya to the point of action; he shoots twice at the professor and twice misses him. The young wife has been anxious to escape from a situation always boring, and now, through her love for the doctor, very difficult; the professor's decision to depart, with no more talk of breaking up the estate, concurs with her desire. The doctor is to absent himself for Sonia's sake. The play ends with the house back to its old routine of noodles, peace, work; the curtain falls on Sonia's tears and her speech to Uncle Vanya, that we must expect to suffer, that some day after death, perhaps, we shall be happy, and the memory of our life only a tender smile, a caress.

It is common information, of course, that Chekhov depicted Russian life at the close of the last century, when things were stagnant, when the peasants were bound and hopeless, the intellectuals vague, drifting, bored, dreaming

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of a distant future that might set things right. But we must recall that fact in order to recognize what Mr. Jed Harris had to face when he presented this play to a bouncing, prosperous and painless audience drawn from the richest and most youthful country in the whole world. He has come off astonishingly well. The whole directing is felt out with naturalness, brains and confidence. The curious plain poetry of the play is beautifully understood—the weaving of the lives one into another, the gentle humor behind its tragedy, the sense of a futility that is not futile, and, most of all, Chekhov's theme that behind all the fever and commotion life remains like bread, sleep, the hours, the old nurse. The casting is often bold and intelligent, and sometimes a sheer stroke of genius. Most of what remains to be done by way of perfecting the occasion lies with the actors. But there are two things that Mr. Harris could revamp. For one thing, the evening is too long; time could be gained and the play greatly bettered if the performance were now and then speeded up. And for another, the exits and entrances are too often at the same speed. The characters come in one after another sometimes like a dead march. Variety in the timing, less monotony of pace, would be more natural and would add to the vitality of the scenes.

Of all the parts in the play, the most difficult is obviously Vanya. He is one of those sensitive men whose lives are sucked out of them by the people around. He sacrifices himself through goodness, delicacy and weakness; but he knows all the time what has happened to him. He can love those who are fine and beautiful, stab those his wits teach him to despise or hate, comfort those who are lost in the eddies of life; but in the end he can do nothing. He is one of those failures that Chekhov loves, a product of the Russian life that he depicts. He belongs to the "useless people" of Chekhov who are the registers of life, the sensitive plates on which the picture of experience is recorded, the natures in whom life is reflected. To watch that reflection was a thing that Chekhov loved—he wrote once, speaking of the country around him: "One would gladly sell one's soul for the pleasure of seeing the warm evening sky, and the streams and pools reflecting the darkly mournful sunset."

In this crucial role of Vanya, Mr. Walter Connolly gives an intelligent performance, but he lacks what we might call natural pathos. Of him and of Mr. Osgood Perkins as the doctor and of Mr. Eugene Powers as the retired professor, there is in one respect the same thing to be said. All three break up their speeches too much into what might be called sensible sections. They pause, announce, space, propound, much too much. Mr. Perkins acts the rich role of the doctor with acumen and confidence. Mr. Powers' Serebrakoff is developed into what every audience thinks good acting, a certain deliberate pronouncement and careful, if somewhat obvious, detail. But all three of these roles would gain by a greater flow and spontaneity in the ideas, meditations, analyses, discourses, whatever we choose to call those subjective passages in which Chekhov abounds and by which he becomes, in a prose way, so curiously like Shakespeare. Mr. Perkins gets laughs from the audience in the wrong places very often, and very often this happens merely because he waits instead of going on into the next thought. All three actors, by just this defect, move their parts closer toward farce than is right; they need to study to convey their matter, not as something that is to be delivered, but as something going on in the characters' heads. In this way everything that Chekhov writes for Vanya, the doctor and the professor will prove to be wholly natural, exactly what, back inside them, these people are.

Miss Joanna Roos, except for her inaudibility at times, gives a perfect performance. She has a method, a sincerity and a *rapport* that are always right for the play.

There is no effort toward starring effects, but the outstanding figure in the production easily becomes Miss Lillian Gish. What she is given to do is not the Helena that Chekhov wrote. Many of the speeches are adapted, and much of the physical sleekness and power that was in the Russian character has turned into something more muted and luminous. Nothing could be more difficult for a dramatist than this creation of a young woman who has married an old man, truly in love with the glamor of his fame and the hint of the ideal that lay in him, and who now, asking of life only peace, is drawn toward, and at the same time flees, its passionate desires. The woman Miss Gish presents is as successfully created as Chekhov's. That frail figure and delicate, honest spirit are unforgettable, and the line and movement in their grace and perfect timing are unforgettable. In one respect Miss Gish works against odds; her English is often poor, and the rhythm of her longer speeches, for that reason very likely, is uncertain. If she would study for this single improvement, she could become right off one of the most important actors in our theater, a quality beautiful and unique.

Mr. Jo Mielziner, after a smudgy and flat outdoor scene, provides for the rest of the play two rooms that are capital, a genuine dramatic asset.

STARK YOUNG.

Philadelphia's Rites of Spring

RITES of love and spring were performed in Philadelphia on April 11. The ceremonial sport was a large grotto or opera house, consecrated during the epoch in which the splendid Oscar Hammerstein gave operatic festivals to Philadelphia and New York, and latterly devoted to the popular cult of the motion picture. The auguries proved singularly exquisite, for the date appointed for the solemnities coincided with the first warm weather. Outside the fane, in the industrial landscape, the gentle season was provoking the usual unconscious responses in the form of new skyscrapers, electric displays, freshly varnished taxicabs, traffic entanglements and the unharmonic sound of drilling, riveting and honking. Within the great cavern a large, dignified and preponderantly feminine assemblage representing all that is best and brightest in the vast American town betrayed complete incomprehension of the symbols of experience presented to it. But on the stage, behind it, and in the widened orchestra pit an enthusiastic band of initiates and hierophants—including Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Robert Edmond Jones, Rouben Mamoulian, Claire Reis, representing the League of Composers, Nicholas Roerich, Leonid Massine, Doris Humphrey, Milia Davenport, Charles Weidman and other spiritual directors and mimes—organized and per-

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formed a mystery of the vernal, procreant forces as impressive as any we have seen in Caucasian portions of the U. S. A.

The interpretation of the way of Venus was broad and novel, composed as it was of two contrasted, unhackneyed and integrated revelations. "Die Glückliche Hand" ("The Hand of Chance"), the first of Arnold Schoenberg's three operas to reach the American stage, led off; embodying, in the form of a dramatic allegory, a conception of erotic experience as the ecstatic and tragic transformations of an almost unsubstantial consciousness. The parting curtains revealed a prostrate Man preyed upon by a fabulous monster symbolizing some past defeat or misfortune. The monster withdrew and a Woman appeared, magnetically drawn to the wounded hero. She offered him a draught in a golden goblet. He drained it. At that moment a physical revulsion overcame the Woman. Immediately an Elegant Stranger entered, unseen by the man. The Woman followed the intruder away. Meanwhile, the new forces of life took the Man to a smithy in a cavern; and interrupting the futile craft of the smiths, he forged a jewel. Casting it away, he reappeared, sword in hand. At that moment the revulsion of the Woman was bared to him. The chimera sprang onto his back and thrust his head deeper than before to earth, while voices of fate, resignation and compassion grew loud.

Meanwhile, a musical score of marvelous intensity, expressing passion raised to the pitch of mingled ecstasy and anguish, had unrolled itself. Like the dramatic allegory and the play of lights to which it was married, it identified the realities of love with psychic processes and feelings. The manner of this identification, however, was hard to discover. Perhaps the extreme nervousness and rapidity of the style held the secret. The music had the concentration and fabulous delicacy of Schoenberg's works following "Pierrot Lunaire." There were several recurrent themes or melodic fragments; but the experiences were compressed; and developed and changed with the swiftness that makes Schoenberg's music seem jumpy at a first encounter. Because of its extraordinary conciseness and bareness, the orchestration suggested an etching. Still, complex tonal designs alternated with the severer passages; and while the score was filled with gossamer-like, eerie and bewitching sonorities, there were numerous moments of powerful, almost harsh and cruel, expressiveness. The work is one of the Viennese composer's most affecting ones. The interest mounted steadily to a culmination in one of the noblest pages of contemporary music.

The second part of the rite was of a very different nature. It was composed of a pantomimic presentation of "Le Sacre du Printemps," by Stravinsky, a work conceiving the generative impulse, not as an ideal process, but as the blind, relentless and avid urgence of matter in motion, and muscular tension. As logically as Schoenberg has married his music to an allegory, Stravinsky has combined his with an acrobatic ballet, exhibiting man on the instinctive, primitive plane. This stage performance, too, afforded a new experience. "Le Sacre" had previously been given us in concert versions, which now seemed incomplete. Mimetic realization was evidently necessary to the drunken score, essentially dance music. Its inclusion in the Philadelphian ceremonial completed the musical idea: while grape-like chains of shaggy dancers bobbed and were dragged about the stage, and the sacrificial virgin stood in her catatonic stiffness, one felt as never before the imperiousness and rapacity of the all-embracing impulse represented.

To be sure, both revelations, the idealistic no less than the materialistic, are outgrowths of Wagner, just as both musical expressions are ultimately to be classed as developments of germs latent in his compositions. Woman, after all, is an arch-romantic preoccupation. Of the two conceptions, Schoenberg's is more directly in the Wagnerian line, an outcrop from "Pelléas" as that work was from "Tristan." Stravinsky's idea and music has a large unromantic mixture of Slavic tough-mindedness. But even Schoenberg's work must be allowed its originality. He has cast his music on the psychological plane with a completeness equaled by neither Wagner nor Debussy.

In any case, both his and Stravinsky's visions are intense of their kind, a fact evinced by the Philadelphian solemnities. That the realizations were occasionally inadequate and miscalculated is, meanwhile, not to be denied. The staging of the little opera and of the ballet were far below the level of the orchestral performance. The difficulties of accommodating Schoenberg's allegory to the stage were never quite satisfactorily solved. The failure was a most excusable one, no doubt. Schoenberg's score required a synchronization of color lights which our stages are not yet prepared to execute. Besides, his "action" bristled with slightly old-fashioned symbolizations, fabulous monsters, profferings and drainings of goblets, smitings of anvils and brandishing of swords; and these conventions are not readily to be worked into living designs. Nevertheless, not all the grotesqueries of this operatic performance were inevitable. A number of them flowed from the theatrical bearing and manners of the leading actor. It must also be noted that while Schoenberg prescribed the *Sprechstimme* in more than one passage of his choral writing, the chorus "sang" consistently.

The staging of "Le Sacre," somewhat more successful, was not entirely happy either. By arrangement with Stravinsky, the introductions to the two sections of his ballet were played, not as preludes, but as parts of the choreography, to the impoverishment of the effect. Neither of them requires a mimetic auxiliary, least of all the slow nostalgic opening of the second section. Both fairly cry to be heard as absolute music. The decorations, done by Nicholas Roerich, "onlie begetter" of the score, also seemed inadequate. Executed in the realistic spirit of two decades ago, they were lush in style and pervaded by fat shades of rose and green.

Still, both realizations had their points. In "Die Glückliche Hand," the fluid pantomime of Charles Weidman and Doris Humphrey compensated for the grand-operatics. The postures of the Woman during her revulsion for the unhappy hero had terrible beauty. The pelt-like costumes of the "ancestors" in the second part of "Le Sacre" gave some final edge to the spirit of a music insatiable for the blood of virgins. Massine's choreography was excellent, hampered though it was by the double handicap of having to work through amateurish material, and accommodate itself to Roerich's historical, anthropological conception of the rite of Spring. The distribution and mimetic of bodies, the effects of mass, tension and weight,

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the heavy conjunction of forms, were deeply satisfactory. Particularly happy were the breath-like rhythmic rise and subsidence of dancers at the beginning of Part II. Apart from the performance of the "elect" herself, the choreography compared more than favorably with that of the Diaghilev ballet in Berlin last June.

What quite filled the cup of one's joy at this celebration of the generative powers in their god-like fatality was its indiscreet demonstration of limbering climatic and cultural forces at work under the dry and Puritanic crust of the Republic. One heard the polite, half-hearted applause of the decorous assemblage with more than equanimity. There, in their boxes, sat the Philadelphian elders and founders like so many Rameses II's; but what though they gave no sign? The rite quite gave the jig away. The enthusiastic band before, upon and behind the stage knew the meaning of certain experiences which eluded Henry Adams almost a lifetime. Here, in the heart of gentility, it was solemnizing them in voluptuous colors, signs and sounds, bringing them into harmony with things. Such an aggregation as this could appear and dare and act only with the half-conscious sanction of a much wider group, spread out through the ubiquitous emptiness, commercialdom and irreligion. At moments one could not refrain from seeing this element as so many sun-bred "maggots in a dead dog." At other sweeter ones, it appeared to be the precious leaven in a mass of heavy dough. But it was immaterial what it was. Sufficient was its presence. Somewhere, there was a little life.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Torture by the Police

SIR: I am interested in the editorial "American Torquemadas" in your issue of March 19. I doubt very much if any additional legislation would be of use. We have as much law on the subject now as England ever had, or Canada, where the third degree is unknown.

The American Bar is not indifferent to the situation. At Memphis last October, in his opening address before the annual meeting of the Association, its president, Mr. Bernard Newlin, delivered an address the topic of which was "Lawful Methods of Law Enforcement." At the same session, before a meeting of the section of Criminal Law and Criminology, I had the privilege of reading a paper on "Lawless Enforcement of Law." Following the reading of that paper, a committee was appointed to study the subject further and report at the next annual meeting of the Bar Association. I am chairman of that committee; the other members are Oscar Hallam of Minnesota and Judge Andrew A. Bruce of the Law Department of Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.

The situation in many of the states is extremely bad. What is needed is adoption and strict observance of the English and Canadian rule that no police officer shall question a man under arrest.

Los Angeles, Calif. E. W. CAMP.

In Pursuit of the Lost Art

SIR: I am preparing a critical study and anthology of real conversations, both historical and contemporary. I wonder whether any of your readers may be able to refer me to especially brilliant, amusing, or otherwise readable conversations which have been recorded and are now available in published form. Any such references will be greatly appreciated.

WALTER B. PITKIN.

Columbia University, New York City.

Unemployment Sunday

SIR: I enclose copies of two documents which are self-explanatory, and should be, I feel, of interest to readers of The New Republic.

The Appeal to President Hoover and Congress and the Call for Unemployment Sunday on April 27 have been signed by many leading citizens, including Harriot Stanton Blatch, Ralph Jonas, Bishop James E. Freeman of Washington, Walter S. Ufford, Bishop Francis J. McConnell of New York, Worth M. Tippy, Lawson Purdy, Bailey B. Burritt, William Hodson, Elias L. Solomon, Herbert S. Goldstein, Solomon Loewenstein, Clarence H. Kelsey, Senator Royal S. Copeland, Fannie Hurst, John Erskine, Felix Adler, Robert Norwood, William P. Merrill, Harry F. Ward, John Haynes Holmes, Nathan Krass, Irvin S. Cobb, Eleanor Burns, Meyer H. Levy, Joel D. Hunter, Albert W. Palmer, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of Chicago, Edward L. Israel, Mrs. Elizabeth Joy Hoffman, Bishop Joseph Schrembs of Cleveland, Bishop Warren L. Rogers (Bishop Co-adjutor of Ohio), Edward D. Lynde, A. A. Shaw, Rufus M. Jones and Mervin G. Filler.

DARWIN J. MESEROLE,
President, National Unemployment League.

New York City.

[Enclosure]

TO THE PRESIDENT AND THE CONGRESS:

(1) We, the undersigned, appreciate the concern the President and other leaders in our political and business life have expressed in the attempt to solve the problem of unemployment and the stabilization of industry. No one has stated more emphatically the disastrous results of widespread unemployment than the President of the United States. In 1921 Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and chairman of the President's conference on unemployment, said:

> There is no economic failure so terrible in its import as that of a country possessing a surplus of every necessity of life in which numbers willing and anxious to work are deprived of these necessities. It simply cannot be if our moral and economic system is to survive. . . .
>
> What our people wish is the opportunity to earn their daily bread, and surely in a country with its warehouses bursting with surpluses of food, of clothing, with its mines capable of indefinite production of fuel, with sufficient housing for comfort and health, we possess the intelligence to find solution. Without it our whole system is open to serious charges of failure.

(2) We again find ourselves in the midst of a major national business depression with millions of workers out of employment. At the time of the President's conference on unemployment it was generally believed that the nation would never again be found unprepared should another period of unemployment and industrial depression come upon us; yet we are today unprepared to cope with the present crisis even as we were in 1914-15 and in 1921-22.

(3) Employment is the structural necessity of the modern industrial world. When our constantly recurring periods of business depression, with the accompanying unemployment of millions of workers for months and sometimes years at a time, arise, they bring not only anxiety, hunger and misery to those who are thrown out of work, but they break down the industrial machine itself, and in their train follow the permanent deterioration of the worker in body and mind; increased sickness and demands upon our hospitals and charitable institutions; and finally crime waves and other forms of disorder which menace the security of society.

(4) Although social responsibility for the conditions that obtain today has been assumed by government and business, through the conferences of business leaders called by the President in Washington—which is a marked forward step—yet the situation has steadily grown worse in the four months since the Wall Street collapse and the holding of those conferences, and no constructive federal legislative program has been adopted to provide a system of public works to bring relief to the unemployed or stabilization to business.

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(5) In the expansion of public works, when business depression is upon us, lies the natural and fundamental remedy for unemployment. As has been truly said: *"Employment* is the only remedy for unemployment."

As private industry slows down, and production is curtailed, we should turn this displaced labor into channels of public improvements, creating a network of roads throughout the country, as well as projects of afforestation, the drainage and irrigation of waste lands and the development of water power. Our bad roads, it has been stated, cost the nation two billions of dollars annually. There is not yet one hard-surfaced road across the continent.

(6) We, as citizens, accept the general principle and absolute right, that all workers are entitled to employment and that the fear of unemployment, with its accompanying poverty and distress, can and must be abolished.

We appeal to the President to recommend at once, and to the Congress to enact, appropriate legislation for the inauguration of a system of public works to meet the requirements of the present and menacing situation in our country.

Adopted by unanimous resolution of the Board of Directors of the National Unemployment League, Inc., on March 7, 1930.

TO ALL RELIGIOUS, LABOR, SOCIAL WELFARE, BUSINESS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES:

We, the undersigned, do earnestly urge all religious, business, labor and social welfare bodies, and other organized groups, to set aside a service, or meeting, on Sunday, April 27—on the day of their regular meeting falling nearest this date—for the following purposes:

(1) To appeal for sufficient funds to replenish the depleted treasuries of the charitable agencies of the country and of committees which give relief to the impoverished millions of workers and their families who are suffering from the present unemployment crisis.

(2) To endorse the statement and appeal to the President and the Congress adopted by the National Unemployment League on March 7, calling for the enactment of appropriate legislation for the inauguration of a system of public works to meet the requirements of the present acute and menacing situation in our country.

National Unemployment League.

New York City.

Citizenship for Pacifists

SIR: With Congress in session, we are bending all our energies to obtain a speedy hearing for the bill introduced by Representative Anthony J. Griffin of New York to amend the naturalization laws. You will recall that his bill, introduced two days after the Supreme Court's denial of citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer, reads: "That no person mentally, morally and otherwise qualified shall be disbarred by reason of his or her religious views or philosophical opinions with respect to the lawfulness of war as a means of settling international disputes."

The refusal of citizenship to Professor Macintosh of Yale, Mrs. Margaret Dorland Webb and Miss Martha Jane Graber has roused the country to the danger of this continued denial of freedom of thought and of speech. With an alert and intelligent public opinion behind us, our committee works to urge an early hearing and a speedy enactment of Mr. Griffin's bill to grant citizenship to men and women refusing to bear arms though otherwise qualified in every respect.

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD,
Chairman, Griffin Bill Committee.

New York City.

Militarism in America

SIR: Congress is granting an increase in the army budget. Included in this increase is the largest sum ever appropriated in this country for subsidizing military training in schools and colleges.

A national organization of "prominent military and civic leaders," called the Reserve Officers' Training Corps Association, has been formed to promote and foster the R. O. T. C. in educational institutions. This group will have the active coöperation of the Reserve Officers' Association, which last spring announced a gift of $30,000 to be devoted to the R. O. T. C. in schools and colleges. When you remember that there are approximately 115,000 commissioned officers in the Reserve and that most of them are leaders in civil life, you can realize the potential political power of this group for the military viewpoint.

The campaign against militarism must be supported with every resource of the peace-minded if we are to prevent the growth of a powerful military-minded force in our public schools, colleges and universities. To support this campaign in 1930, the Committee on Militarism in Education needs the gifts of as many New Republic readers as feel moved to contribute. Checks may be sent to the Committee on Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. Information and literature will be sent on request.

GEORGE A. COE.
Committee on Militarism in Education.

New York City.

The Soviet and the Churches

SIR: In an editorial in your issue of March 5, you suggest that 3,000 churches (6 percent of the total of 50,000) may have been closed in Russia since the revolution of November, 1917. The exact figure is 3,380, and includes Greek Catholic houses of worship, synagogues and mosques. Of these, according to the Militant Atheist Society, whose authoritative data I quote here, 2,000 were closed between 1917 and 1928, inclusive, and 1,380 during 1929. 13.5 percent of the buildings no longer used for religious purposes have been converted into children's homes and schools. Many of the others are now museums, workers' clubs, laboratories, power stations, grain warehouses, restaurants—or they are idle and falling into decay.

LOUIS FISCHER.

Moscow, U. S. S. R.

Why Not the Government Printing Office?

SIR: In 1923 The New York Times published a letter of mine to the Associated Press, asking that the members of that far-flung and influential organization print the word Negro with a capital N. The Times voluntarily published my letter, but disagreed with my views, stating its position in an editorial (April 26, 1913) under the caption, "A Grievance Wholly Imaginary."

During the seventeen years that have intervened, public opinion throughout America in all matters of interracial relationship has steadily advanced in enlightenment. Newspapers—whether of the South or North—magazines, book publishers in a large number and proportion, have emancipated the Negro from the lower case until today the capital N is in fact the best current usage. Witness the admirable editorial in The New York Times of March 7, signalizing the final adoption of the better typographical usage by this great and highly conservative newspaper, its publisher, by the way, being of Southern tradition.

Now, why is it that when such magazines as The Atlantic Monthly, The American Mercury, The Saturday Evening Post, The Nation and The New Republic—when such newspapers as The New York World, The Herald Tribune, The Sun and The Times, when such book publishers as D. C. Heath and Company, Houghton Mifflin Company and Ginn and Company have lifted the Negro out of the lower case—why is it in these circumstances that the United States Government Printing Office in Washington lags behind the procession? Should not the Republican party be the first rather than the last to lift this disability from twelve million loyal American citizens? The lower case is for things; but Negroes are no longer things, but citizens and persons. And a great democratic government can ill afford to permit typographical usage which is in fact outmoded today and which affronts millions of its citizens.

This situation is important enough to warrant amply the direct intervention of our forward-thinking President of the United States.

LESTER A. WALTON.

New York City.

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Happiness Made Easy

Love in the Machine Age, by Floyd Dell. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 428 pages. $3.50.

LET US not be repelled by Mr. Dell's introduction. "This book," he says, "is ambitious in its scope; it aims to bring to intelligent readers the fruits of modern psychological discoveries in such a way as to be really useful to them. . . . The natural appeal of this book would be to young people, who are not yet congealed into either 'conservative' or 'liberal' compromise-attitudes. . . . The aim of this book is to make people modern-minded. . . . The object of this book is to popularize a modern and scientific view of behavior, and thereby to help people to live happy and successful lives." The more one reads these statements, the more irritating they become. Can't one help people without being so damned noisy about it?—without imitating a barker at the fair, without urging the crowd to buy tickets, without descanting on the moral and physical benefits to be acquired—not to mention the hoochee-coochee dancers and veiled Circassian beauties that populate this temple of love in the machine age? Usually, when people speak of service, modernity and science all in one breath, they are trying to sell a patent medicine. But let us forget these qualms; Mr. Dell is better than his own ballyhoo. Let us pay the price of admission and follow the rubes inside.

There we shall find that the circus tent has been suddenly transformed into a lecture room. Mr. Dell, having removed his high hat, climbs gracefully to the platform. The crowd is silent. The lecturer begins, glibly and sensibly: he is advancing a theory "which unites history, sociology and psychology" into a doctrine of human behavior advanced for the benefit of his audience.

The maladjustment of individuals to our modern society, so he tells us, is caused by faults in their upbringing. These faults, in turn, are produced by lingering survivals of the patriarchal family system. Under this system, which was introduced by the aristocracy, but which spread through all classes of society, individuals were never permitted to become fully adult; especially they were prevented from making an adult choice of their life-mate. The results of this repression were public and private vices—prostitution, adultery, homosexuality, drunkenness—as well as celibacy, impotence, frigidity and neuroses of every sort.

Fortunately for ourselves, the new age has produced a new situation. We are now in the midst of a middle-class revolution, as yet incomplete. Modern machinery and the modern economic system in general are destroying the last remnants of the patriarchal family; they are laying the basis for a more biologically normal family life than has ever existed before. Children can now be brought up without castration complexes or mother fixations. They can lead a successful love life, and bring up other children as free from neuroses as themselves.

At this point in his lecture, Mr. Dell reveals the patent medicine he is vending. It is, in a word, liberty—the liberty of modern children to follow their own desires. He abandons other theories of education to preach the *laissez-faire* of the instincts. Duty is a survival of the past: "to the extent that our lives are really modern, we do not need the concept of duty." A philosophy of life is so much useless baggage. Young people not lied to by their parents or emotionally exploited by them, but allowed to grow up in perfect freedom, will end by leading "wholly adult lives" from "almost wholly instinctive motives"; they will follow "the higher mammalian mating pattern"; and hand in hand they will achieve the bright ideal of "living happily ever after in heterosexual matehood."

Nor are these the only effects produced by Mr. Dell's elixir. It will make divorce a merely incidental problem; it will banish prostitution along with homosexuality; it will transform society as a whole; it will remove the cause of frigidity in women; it will empty our jails; it will cure all neuroses and many physical diseases; it will make people better students, better citizens, more successful business men; it will do all this with a minimum of effort. And yet, as we stand in the crowd that gapes at his long discourse, we cannot help being assailed by certain questions. Is happiness to be so cheaply won? Is absolute freedom for the child a sure path to his maturity? And what about this freedom; is it illusory or real?

It is quite possible to argue that the tyranny of patriarchal parents is no worse than that of psychologists and social-service workers. An old-fashioned father commands; a psychologist explains, listens, tolerates; but the results are almost the same. "The dice of tolerance," says Mr. Dell, "are loaded. . . . Let us not be deceived, [our modern Medicine Men] have a program for us, and if they propose to give youth 'free choice' it is because that is the best way to get youth to behave wisely." To behave wisely is to follow a program fixed by the psychologists themselves; and this, in the end, is the freedom they offer.

Their programmatic freedom, says Mr. Dell, will enable us to achieve a state of "psychic adulthood," of complete maturity. But is this a wholly desirable state? To be mature—to have no unresolved tensions, no ambitions impossible of achievement; to be satisfied with oneself and one's mate; to have reached a static balance—has not always been considered a virtue. Sometimes it is a beginning of mental decay. Sometimes it is equivalent to a bland tolerance that leads one to forgive the world for being less mature than oneself. This is the quality Mr. Dell displays toward his enemies when he explains that they are not really to be blamed; that they are merely acting according to their defense-reactions. It is the quality he displays toward the whole past of Europe when he says: "We do not seek to exterminate outworn patriarchal sex usages as heretical; that is not our modern way of doing things. We have learned the lesson of tolerance."

Our modern world, perhaps, has learned it all too well; we are increasingly tolerant toward evils—sexual, economic, political—which we have not the strength to correct. Our psychologists and sociologists in particular are tolerant for reasons of their own. Inspired by the marvels of their newborn sciences, which are sciences only in the loosest meaning of the word, they reflect that it is easier to adapt the individual to his environment than to adapt the environment to the individual. They become indifferent to economic reform, and the general tone of their writings is conservative, even reactionary.

Mr. Dell, in principle, is an exception to this rule. He berates other psychologists for preparing men for the trenches; he speaks shyly of the necessity for removing the machine powers of production from the control of a patriarchalistic class; he pays a theoretical tribute to the ideals he used to hold when he was an editor of The Masses; but in practice he defends the existing order. His modest suggestions for reform, advanced "in terms acceptable to our culture and conforming to our historical tendencies," are confined to mothers' pensions and state endowments for marriage. "Couldn't you," says a willing-to-be-uplifted lady in one of Art Young's cartoons—"couldn't you send us a nice good-looking radical who isn't too upsetting?" One might direct her to Mr. Dell.

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Yet modest and undisturbing as are his suggestions, they lead toward a social ideal, and one which impresses me as being a sad and dangerous utopia. In it, there would be no neurotics, for all subconscious conflicts would have been resolved. There would be no criminals. There would be no artists either; for the function or art, says Mr. Dell, is "to fulfill immediately in a symbolic way a variety of impulses which for one reason or another would be socially unacceptable if expressed directly," and there would be no such impulses in his ideal State. There would be no heroes —whose common ingredient, he says, is "infantile self-love, or narcissism"; this vice would soon be psychoanalyzed away. There would be mere billions of mediocre people existing instinctively in a mediocre world. But—I reflect as he continues his medicine-talk—they would not be happy. With their thoughts released from domestic troubles, with all their inner conflicts removed, they would turn their energies outwards; they would follow their free instincts toward wealth, power, success; they would be terrible instruments of aggression; and Mr. Dell's utopia would become a bitterly struggling world in which only the strongest could survive.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Louis XI in Biography and Fiction

King Spider, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. New York: Coward-McCann. 501 pages. $5.

The Saints, the Devil and the King, by M. L. Mabie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

YOU MAY recall that fustian melodrama wherein Louis XI of France stalks about muttering holy curses, washes his grisly hands while he puts enemies in his iron cage, wears a funny old hat with little leaden saints, gives the audience gooseflesh with a final display of epilepsy, and in general disports himself in the historical tradition. You may also recall "Quentin Durward" and "Notre-Dame de Paris," where he is the bogie-king who gets you if you don't watch out for the dreadful barber Olivier le Daim and the still more dreadful executioner Tristan l'Hermite. Yes, indeed, the feudal age was a blood-boltered melodrama, and the great founder of France wove to one pattern the torn, jealous states by the simple process of gibbering prayers and at odd moments dropping in for a specially good exhibition in the torture room.

What does Mr. Wyndham Lewis mean by spoiling all the fun? Instead of making chills run up and down the back, he gives us the administrator whose passion and business of life lay in discovering all the details of taxation, the making of good roads and the unification of warring provinces into the fair land of France. Instead of giving us the familiar romantic myth of Louis rushing about in all directions on a horse, making cavalry charges, making heroic speeches, making love to moon-eyed heroines while the nobles trample the peasants and the oppressed middle classes pray for the industrial revolution to set them free, he shows us a realist. He lets us see the craft and subtlety of the politician who would rather win a new victory by bribing and cheating his foes than by specializing in the high derring-do of chivalrous encounter. In a word, he gives us the real world.

Louis XI was a king spider in that he trapped buzzing, profitable flies into his net; but he was not a king spider in that he ate them to slake his lust. In his curious way, he loved France, and he gave birth to France. He was sly, not to make melodrama but to make peace. He tramped all over the broad lands of his domain until he knew conditions and what was necessary to be done about them. He was the captain-general surveying the disposition of the ground and the strength of the enemy, and never risking battle unless he was sure to win.

The chronicle of "King Spider" is a true book and worthy of all belief. One wishes that the facts had been woven into a shining tapestry complete and unified, instead of being a broken prism reflecting a prismatic radiance from a thousand separate facets. Mr. Lewis wanders all over the place, does something different in every chapter, gives passages from contemporary chronicles, selects from Louis's two thousand letters, discourses one moment on the Church and the next page on the peasants, and doesn't blend the tortuous and complicated material into a coherent brilliance. Though his book wins our gratitude and admiration, Mr. Lewis is very far from that biographical genius of Strachey's which enabled him to bind the whole Elizabethan age with one golden cord.

Now Miss Mabie's vivid and gorgeous novel does that very thing, even if you allow for some perversion of history, too much gloating on many-colored melodrama and too much crowding of events. For this novel is the only novel since H. F. M. Prescott's "The Unhurrying Chase" which really *does* get into the Middle Ages without changing at every station for a local, modern wise-crack or sheer Victorian guff. It is enormously exciting, though it can hardly rank with Prescott or Undset. Louis XI is there, and life is there, and that gaudy jade, the overdressed false historical romance, is *not* there.

DONALD DOUGLAS.

New Lincoln Documents

New Letters and Papers of Lincoln. Compiled by Paul M. Angle. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 387 pages. $5.

AFTER all the pains expended to make previous editions of Lincoln's works complete, it is extraordinary that nearly 400 pages of new material, some of it of great interest and importance, can now be collected. It is thirty-six years since Nicolay and Hay's "Complete Works"; twenty-five years since the Gettysburg Edition made what was then believed a complete sweep. Ida Tarbell, Gilbert Tracy and Brown University have published their gleanings—and now we have this thick new sheaf. The explanation lies in the intensive search recently made for the period 1830-60 by A. J. Beveridge and Carl Sandburg; the unresting efforts of hundreds of collectors, dealers and students to find some fresh scrap of Lincolniana; and the careful work of the Lincoln Centennial Association since its reorganization at Springfield in 1922. In Mr. Logan Hay and Mr. Paul Angle the Association has two officers whose expert, patient spading has already revealed much valuable information upon Lincoln. It should be said that the word "new," as used in the title of this book, does not mean that the work is all published for the first time. One large item, Lincoln's Beardstown speech of 1858, was published in Herndon and Weik's "Abraham Lincoln" forty years ago; other items have appeared elsewhere. But all are new in collected form, and most of them are altogether new.

The significant material on Lincoln's public career all falls, as we should expect, within the decade 1850-60. Lincoln wrote comparatively little before the former date; nearly everything that he wrote after the latter year was

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immediately recorded. These were the ten years during which he advanced from provincial obscurity to national leadership, from the rank of an unknown ex-congressman to the rank of president-elect. All but about a hundred pages of the book pertain to this decade. The debt to Beveridge in this part of the volume is large, and page after page is of striking significance. Particularly is this so for the years 1852, 1854 and 1858-59. Mr. Beveridge discovered in the files of the recognized Whig organ, The Springfield Journal, Lincoln's two-part speech of 1852 against Pierce and Douglas and in favor of Winfield Scott, a speech which has a rather appalling interest for its feebleness and crudity. It required the Kansas-Nebraska Bill to arouse Lincoln to mature utterance and to argumentative invincibility. Beginning in 1854, Beveridge presented a new and far larger man. This collection gives us some important papers of 1854 that even Beveridge missed: notably a full report of Lincoln's Bloomington speech of September 12. For 1856 it presents a letter showing Lincoln in the role of political manipulator, proposing a shrewd bargain between the Frémont Republicans and Fillmore Whigs to make sure that the Buchanan Democrats would not get the electoral vote of Illinois. Finally, for 1858-59 Mr. Angle gives us full newspaper reports of speeches made by Lincoln in Carlinville, Illinois, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Beloit and Janesville, Wisconsin. They contain nothing that Lincoln did not say elsewhere, but they are all excellent specimens of his free-soil arguments.

But it is not in these papers relating to Lincoln's public career that the chief value of the book, after all, lies. The most significant papers are those which enrich our knowledge of Lincoln in his private relationships.

To three or four intimate letters which reveal the tenderness or great-heartedness of Lincoln, readers will return again and again with a peculiar pleasure. Two of them are letters to Mary Lincoln. He wrote her in homesick vein from his Washington boarding-house on April 16, 1848. "I hate to stay in this old room by myself," he declared. He had hunted for plaid stockings to fit "Eddy's 'dear little feet.'" He had bought a set of jet-and-gold shirt studs for $1.50. He begged her not to prefix "Honorable" to his name on letters. "I did not get rid of the impression of that foolish dream about dear Bobby," he concluded, "till I got your letter written the same day. What did he and Eddy think of the little letters father sent them? Don't let the blessed fellows forget father." Another letter to Mary Lincoln was written on July 2, 1848, when Lincoln had just returned from the Whig convention in Philadelphia. It contains something about Springfield bills; about the music on the Capitol grounds; about a congressman who was captured by a girl of suspicious character; and about household details. "By the way," he ends, "you do not intend to do without a girl because the one you had has left you? Get another as soon as you can to take care of the dear codgers. Father expected to see you all sooner. . . . Kiss and love the dear rascals." A third letter concerns a needy fellow who had fallen foul of the law. "At our court, just passed, I could have got a judgment against Turley, if I had pressed to the utmost; but I am really sorry for him—*poor* and a *cripple* as he is." And to show his quick sympathy, there is an appealing letter which he wrote in 1860 to a youth who had just failed to enter Harvard. The presidential campaign was raging, every moment was precious, but he took time to give this lad a page of the kindliest encouragement and advice.

Of course there is a great deal of mere chaff in such a volume as this. There are arid little wastes given to briefs for law cases. There is material that we wish Lincoln had never written, including some John Gilpin verses on a bear-hunt. But there is a surprising amount of pure gold—pages of lucid exposition or argument, bursts of humor, like the letter upon a Cincinnati hotel-keeper suspected by Lincoln of "diddling" him, human confidences, chance expressions of emotion and evidences of the man's unfailing sagacity. It is an important addition to our store of information upon the most loved and most studied of American leaders.

ALLAN NEVINS.

Wit and Hardihood

Wild Apples, by Oliver Gogarty. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 54 pages. $2.

DR. GOGARTY writes good poems when he takes the trouble; he is careless sometimes because poetry with him is less passion than diversion. If that is an obtuse judgment, let part of its burden rest on Mr. Yeats and on "Æ." Their respective introductions to "An Offering of Swans" and "Wild Apples" have been at some apologetic pains to show that poetry is not this Irishman's first or only excellence. Wit and hardihood they would have expected of him, not airy luminous lyrics. The very stir of their admiration releases a fragrance of surprise.

There are, to be sure, surprising aspects of Dr. Gogarty's poetry. His unstudied quality, for example, is not so simple as it looks. It usually appears in conjunction with another quality now far more alien to lyric verse than wit and hardihood—that is to say, the quality of good nature. So much of our moral capital, as Mr. Richards points out, is invested in our emotions that intensity seems a touchstone of art. Herrick, for one, might not have thought so, and to Herrick, Dr. Gogarty is somewhat beholden:

> I too, could prove from my eye which is susceptible
> Sadly of deception that things are not what they seem:
> Saw you my example, you would say that I had
> chosen well:
> Julia when she dresses is more and more a dream!

Not all the poems taste alike; there are specimens both tart and sweet. The flavor varies from the epitaph "Upon Horan" to the advice "To the Maids not to Walk in the Wind." The former poem is one of the most biting and pungent in the book; the latter is not conspicuously successful. Our taste prefers the bitter to the bland, and by this kind of artlessness, that is, the simple kind, we are not impressed.

What prejudice of his own will constrain the anthologist a century from now as he compiles the golden treasury of Irish verse, there is no way of knowing, but here are poems enough to offer him choice. If nominations are in order, one might suggest a selection from among the various "Portraits," "After Galen," "O Boys, O Boys!", "The Plum Tree by the House," or this fine poem on Mettius Curtius:

> 'Tis not by brooding on delight
> That men take heart of pride and force
> To pull the saddle-girthings tight
> And close the gulf on staring horse.
>
> From softness only softness comes;
> Urged by a bitterer shout within,
> Men of the trumpets and the drums
> Seek with appropriate discipline

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That Glory past the pit or wall
Which contradicts and stops the breath,
And with immortalizing gall
Builds the most stubborn things on death.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

American Contrasts

An Autobiography of America, edited by Mark Van Doren. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 737 pages. $5.

MR. VAN DOREN'S present book is an anthology of American prose, interesting enough and selected from varied sources, many of them generally unknown or inaccessible; though there are also familiar inclusions from Mark Twain, Barnum and Benjamin Franklin. The title, "An Autobiography of America," however, belongs to the volume only by the broadest courtesy. An autobiography predicates a constant individual history and a consistent logic: a character. And a character this book does not have. Most of the pieces are written in the first person, but the person is always different. All are Americans because all have lived in America—that is all—the country is only geographic. One thing does not lead to another, nor expand it, nor, usually, explain it. This in spite of the fact that the selections are arranged in offset pairs: Ward McAllister's story of New York's nineteenth-century *haut monde* is followed by the tale of Michael Pupin's typical immigrant entry into the port of New York; Susan Dabney Smede's slightly idiotic "Paradise on a Mississippi Plantation" precedes the miserable story of a slave's escape to Canada.

The purpose of the arrangement is irony, most of it successful. But the ironic intention is in itself too simple: just the observation that there can exist at the same time, and in juxtaposition, misery and excessive affluence. Of the causes which underlie and correlate both conditions, nothing is said.

But this, of course, is not the whole book. A good deal of what is most interesting in it is simple exposition. In this field Mr. Van Doren has been most successful when he has dealt with the early periods of American history. The chapter on "Tarrying and Bundling" is fairly alive. And so are Thomas Jefferson's moral and educational letters to his daughter, "John Bernard Meets the Yankee Peddler," "Peter Cartwright Goes West and Becomes a Muscular Christian" and the story of David Crockett's courting. But as the scene grows more complex, the editor loses his grip on it. He sees America always in one way: something amusing, something pioneer-romantic, something individualistic. As a result, though there is a Jack London hobo story, there is nothing at all about the Industrial Armies. Though there is a long excerpt from "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," there is nothing to indicate that this is a part, not of the adventure of a man, but of the migration of a race. Jim Fiske and Jay Gould are considered by Henry Adams merely as immoral men. There is nothing of the building of the great transcontinental railways. The last entry in the 'Autobiography" is dated 1928, but there is nothing about the automobile, nothing about labor movements, nothing about the rise of the industrial Middle West, nothing about American imperialism.

Mr. Van Doren's book is nearly always interesting and usually amusing, but it is hardly anything more.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

The Book and the Bomb

Escape, by Francesco Nitti. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 267 pages. $2.50.

THERE are two kinds of Italians. One is the good-natured, expansive, fire-of-straw, comic-opera kind, and the other is the dour, serious, patriot-prophet kind, such as Mazzini, Leopardi and Dante. Only one of the latter kind could have written a better book than "Escape."

The actual escape in a high-powered motor boat from the island of Lipari is first condensed into a short opening chapter and then retold in the final chapter. It seems likely that Mr. Nitti was not unassisted in writing that first chapter, but this is unimportant The fact remains that the story is thrilling. Between the first and last chapters are set forth the horrid events, the persecutions, spyings, brutalities and stupidities of Facist Italy and its treatment of political prisoners, all of which lead up to the escape.

It is the obvious intention of the body of the book to horrify the reader. If Mr. Nitti fails of his purpose, it is not because his facts seem untruthful. A certain self-pity, querulousness and overemphasis on bloody whips and insane jailors—overenthusiasm for the vivid detail—rob him of the dignity of a true martyr. If "Escape" lacks the moving qualities of the martyrdom of Ferrer, as told by William Archer, it makes up the difference in excitement. In spite of its bombast and propaganda, this is a racy book. In the last chapter, the author states that the one thing which Mussolini respects is foreign opinion. Presumably the American publisher chose to ignore this when he gave such wide publicity to alleged threats that his offices would be bombed if the book were published in this country.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

Notes on Novels

A True Story, by Stephen Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

FOR SOME years Stephen Hudson has been quietly writing a series of novels, each of which was a separate panel in the experience of Richard Kurt and characters significant through association with him. These have appeared at varying intervals, and have aroused keen interest in a small number of readers who were alert for literary fare genuinely distinguished in manner and content. With this volume Mr. Hudson makes a bid for a wider audience for his chronicle by bringing together four of the earlier volumes, rewriting them sufficiently to fuse them into a whole and give them a single sharp focus, and permitting the cumulative effect of the separate studies, hitherto obscured, its present full emphasis. This unusual expedient both in writing and publishing has resulted in a novel that is far removed from the ordinary, in structure and in the clearness and insight with which the characters are portrayed. The opening section presents, through the sensitive use of the first person, the childhood and adolescence of Richard, and reveals his background and the incipient weakness of his character. In the second section, Richard meets Elinor Colhouse, an impecunious, coldly ambitious American débutante, and is inveigled into marrying her. The rest of the novel is devoted to their life together, one of conflict, misunderstanding and finally unconcern. Elinor has won the luxury she craved; Richard has been reduced to a useless and empty existence through

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instability and lack of will power. He has pathetically shrunk into a weakling, played upon by circumstances, mocked by experiences with two other women with whom he has thought himself in love. In the end, in a section which returns to the technique of the first, he is at last leaving Elinor, but it is a gesture which comes tragically too late. The pathos of a wasted life has seldom been studied more carefully than in this clear, effective portrait of a defeated man. Now that the chronicle of Richard Kurt has been given its final form, Stephen Hudson appears even more certainly than before as a novelist with a powerful, original and individual talent.

W. B.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

OKLAHOMA in the late eighteen hundreds is the background of Miss Ferber's book, and Indians, outlaws, settlers, oilmen and gamblers cavort through its pages. Chief cavorter is one Yancey Cravat, fearless editor of the town's newspaper, crack shot, and the terror and delight of his wife. No effort is spared to make Yancey a great big romantic figure: he dresses like a lord in a community of pioneers, walks with a slight swagger, wins the hearts of all the ladies, and quotes Shakespeare, Ibsen or the Bible upon the slightest provocation, completely baffling everyone within earshot. He naturally assumes the leadership wherever he is, but is too restless ever to stay long in the same place, and goes on mysterious trips for years at a time, deserting his family. Miss Ferber makes no effort to conceal her admiration for her characters; her glamor is ladled out in large buckets, but it makes entertaining reading. Whether she has succeeded in conveying the actual spirit of the place and period is doubtful. Incident is piled on incident; anecdote upon anecdote; it is as if the author were trying to cram in everything she knows. People are continually gambling, swearing, fighting, drinking, staking claims and discovering large oil geysers in their back yards. No one ever seems to take a nap, which is probably what the actual inhabitants did every afternoon of their lives.

G. T. H.

The Master of the Day of Judgment, by Leo Perutz. New York: Charles Boni Paper Books. $.75.

IN THIS swift, intricately patterned novel, new and perilous ground has been broken for the mystery-thriller boys; Herr Perutz has climbed the fence that separates fantasy from fiction and brought the Faustus legend up to date. He has written not only a good mystery story, but an ingenious and interesting book. Using the problem of fixing the responsibility for a suicide in Vienna twenty years ago as his springboard, he takes a headlong dive into the turgid depths of medieval sorcery and shortly afterwards emerges in triumph, bearing a neat and plausible theory of psychic dualism to account for an implausible set of coincidences. He is on intimate terms with the Vienna school of psychologists and it is in the question that he poses—the affinity between the real and the imagined, between the here-now and what Henry James, before the days of Jung and Freud, termed the "sense of the past"—that the chief interest of the book lies. Like a true artist, however, he does not attempt to answer the question, but leaves the whole difficult business of man's subconscious innocence or guilt for the reader to juggle with as best he may. But it is not unprofitable juggling.

H. C. C.

Consequences, by Julia Ellsworth Ford. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

MRS. FORD might begin her novel, as Montaigne his essays, with the assurance: "This is a book of good faith." It is animated by a sincere desire to put an end to all the wrongs that are done in the earth, particularly those wrought by Europeans in their outrageous oppression of the brown and yellow races of Asia. The foul play of the British in China, making war in order to force the importation of opium with resultant degradation upon that country, is the theme which draws together a group of characters, English, Chinese and American, and carries the story from its inception in England to its conclusion in China. These characters are naturally responsive to Mrs. Ford's thesis, one amply supported by authorities, and they live in her generous indignation. The book is essentially timely in view of the whirlwind which Great Britain is now reaping in India after centuries of sowing the wind.

R. M. L.

The Car of Croesus, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MR. ERNEST POOLE, who once wrote "The Harbor," continues to write books. The fairest thing to do with this one is to quote from the blurb on the jacket. "In this satirical romance, the exiled Russian Prince Borissovitch, now a chauffeur in New York, meets Claire Cobb, a clever young buyer of women's gowns, and induces her to buy on instalments an impressively sumptuous car which they call the Car of Croesus and rent at exorbitant rates to those adventurous souls who, for secret reasons, wish to appear like millionaires. With the aid of a dictaphone and a long narrow mirror over the windshield, these two are enabled to hear and see the various little dramas, comedies and tragedies of what the Prince calls the 'Gold Show' in the tumultuous city life."

When one adds that the satirically romantic style is for all the world like that of the Rover Boys, one has said everything.

H. C. C.

Contributors

E. G. NOURSE is the director of the Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution at Washington. He is the author of "The Legal Status of Agricultural Coöperation" and numerous bulletins and articles in this field.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is the author of "Streets in the Moon," "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" and other books of verse.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON has recently been making a tour of Southern industrial towns.

MARTHA GELLHORN, a former member of the staff of The New Republic, is at present living abroad.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is the author of "Granite and Alabaster," a book of verse, and of a biography of Lincoln, "Abraham Lincoln: The Politician and the Man."

DONALD DOUGLAS, novelist and critic, is the author of "The Black Douglas" and "Falcon's Flight."

ALLAN NEVINS, professor of History at Columbia University, is also on the editorial staff of The New York World.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is the author of a book of verse, "Europa."

MELVIN P. LEVY is the author of two novels, "Matrix" and "Wedding."

C. A. CHAPMAN, a former New York journalist, is now in the business department of Minton, Balch and Company. He is a frequent contributor of book reviews to The New Republic.

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